The Poetry of Gary Snyder

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—November 1, 1975, 50 cents

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Very Italian Communism
DANIEL YERGIN

Rocky & the Family Jewels
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TRB

from Washington
November 1, 1975

Dick and Jerry

Watergate isn't over yet, Richard Nixon isn't done with yet, the man who boasted about his wife's "respectable, Republican cloth coat" in 1952 and bought her tapered baguette diamond earrings in 1972 (apparently from campaign funds) is still a problem for Jerry Ford who granted him a "full, free and absolute" pardon.

Other *men* were indicted, he wasn't; other men went on trial, he didn't; other men went to jail, not Nixon. The dry-as-dust 277-page windup report on Watergate by the Special Prosecution Force under Henry Ruth reveals that Nixon would certainly have been indicted if he hadn't been pardoned, September 8, a year ago. But now he is accepted in polite society, and his smiling face appears on the cover of *Newsweek* (October 20, "Nixon's New Life"). He has cars and guards and nice estates, and can make a million any time he *wants* to sell interviews or books, and some say he will try a political comeback. Nonsense. There are limits. But there is always a minority (say 20 percent) that thinks any disgraced public man is badly treated; the Caligula quotient.

All the same Nixon is a problem for Gerald Ford and the more so for the questions that the final Watergate report leaves unanswered. Take, for example, the single episode of Bebe Rebozo. The report of the Senate Ervin Committee, July, 1974, devotes 376 pages to Rebozo. In a letter from Senators Ervin and Baker (R, Tenn), June 6, to Nixon counsel James St. Clair they assert the existence of "apparent instructions from President Nixon to Mr. Charles G. Rebozo to raise and maintain funds which, the evidence implies, were expended on President Nixon's behalf." For example there were those two bundles of 500 crisp serially numbered $100 bills from Howard Hughes; were they actually returned? Rebozo told Herbert Kalmbach, they note, that he gave part of the Hughes money to Nixon's brothers. Again, when the $4562.38 earring money went to fashionable jeweler Harry Winston in New York (apparently from the Florida "Nixon for President Committee" funds) why was the account laundered? The money went through a "complex four-stage process," the Ervin Committee reports, which "concealed the fact that the funds originated from contributions to the 1968 campaign and were ultimately used by Rebozo on behalf of President Nixon."

The Ervin Committee ended and hopefully turned over its evidence to the Special Prosecution Force. Now the outgoing special prosecutor reports but it's an anticlimax. Who obliterated the 18½ minutes of Nixon-Haldeman tape? The guilty party could only have come from "a very small number of persons," says the report, but that's all it found, "no prosecution was possible." How about the Rebozo affair? This is outlined too. Yes, in a presidential tape of April 17, 1973, it notes, Nixon offered to pay $200,000 to $300,000 for the legal fees of Haldeman and Ehrlichman "from funds to be provided by Rebozo." But a formal charge? The report repeats monotonously that "evidence would not support an indictment." Hard to get a stand-up case, after the Nixon pardon.

Outgoing prosecutor Ruth, succeeded by Charles Ruff, primly refuses to speculate. Democracy can only be preserved by an informed public, he says, but he doesn't inform it, save in some pious platitudes at the end and a quotation from Longfellow. He can't deal in generalities, he says, so he leaves scores of critical matters up in the air.

We wonder what outgoing and incoming prosecutors said to each other? Perhaps,

Said Mr. Ruff to Mr. Ruth, "I only want to learn the truth."
Said Mr. Ruth to Mr. Ruff, "You'd better not be over-tough!"

On CBS "Face the Nation" last week Mr. Ruth unbent to the point of criticizing President Ford: "I thought the timing of the pardon was atrocious," he said. Yes, only a month after the resignation and just when the Watergate trial was due to start. Even more extraordinary, he felt, the pardon was not conditioned "on an admission of any kind of guilt."

One tries to be fair. I won't stamp on the pardoned President now that he's down. As for Mr. Ford, my judgment is that he gave the ill-timed pardon out of decency and compassion and a belief that he was helping the country to forget Watergate. Unfortunately it can't. And in days ahead it is likely to remember the Ford-Nixon relationship. In his congressional confirmation hearings as Vice President, House minority leader Ford testified under oath that he had not brought impeachment proceedings against Justice Douglas at the instigation of President Nixon just after the Senate rejected Nixon nominee Clement Haynsworth. Attorney General Mitchell fed Ford the anti-Douglas material from raw FBI files. Maybe Mr. Ford didn't take orders directly; maybe he just sensed what the White House wanted.

It was minority leader Ford again who blocked the first congressional attempt to investigate Watergate by Rep. Wright Patman. Still under oath, he told the committee that he didn't act here, either, at Richard Nixon's bidding. Maybe not. But there is a Nixon-Haldeman-Dean tape of September 15, 1972 where the three plot to block the Patman inquiry, using "Jerry" as a tool: "President: He's got to get at this and screw this thing up while he can, right?" Or another quote, "President: Oh, I think Ehrlichman should talk to him (Ford) . . . and should say, 'Now, Goddamn it, get the hell over with this . . . he's got to know it comes from the top.'"

That's what the tape says. And when he became Vice President he always defended his boss: "The weight of the evidence does not justify the President's impeachment," he declared just before the committee impeachment vote.

Here are two final reasons why I think Watergate won't die in the 1976 campaign. First, Nixon's grand jury testimony, June 23-24, 1975, under oath, has been taken but is not made public. It may throw light on the Nixon-Ford relationship. Almost certainly Democrats will try to pry it loose.

Second: Unreleased Nixon tapes of 1972 are still in the hands of White House legal adviser Philip Buchen. Congress says they're the public's; Nixon says they're his. Again, a likely Watergate debate. The Ford-Nixon connection won't be forgotten.

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Contents

3 Comment
Party Time for Democrats
5 Rocky and the CIA's Family Jewels —*Edward Roeder*
7 White House Watch: Hard Times —*John Osborne*
8 Spain's Looming Military—*Tad Szulc*
11 A Letter from Rome —*Daniel Yergin*
14 Peking, Taiwan and the USA—*Ross Terrill*
17 Dissolute Alaska—*Michael Roberts*
22 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
23 Music—*B.H. Haggin*
25 Poetry—*Gary Snyder*
28 Gary Snyder: An Appreciation —*Alan Williamson*
30 Books—Reviews by *James Olney, Edward L. Keenan, Gloria M. Ortiz*
36 Reconsideration: Delmore Schwartz —*James Atlas*
39 The Back of the Book—*Roger Rosenblatt*
40 Correspondence

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Party Time for Democrats

New Hampshire, as a *Boston Globe* columnist put it, is in that "grim hiatus between foliage and skiing." But already before the first snow has fallen, presidential candidates—declared ones and those still officially coy—have been trekking to the Granite State, some only to learn for themselves that they had better make their first moves in warmer climes. The political season is upon us, and just about anyone you can think of is at least willing to be President. Plus some.

Since we last surveyed the Democratic landscape in this space some months ago, one contender, Julian Bond, has left the fray, having quickly found that neither black nor beautiful is much of an advantage over those who have aspired before. The odds seem to be with those who've lusted and lost. There's one exception of course: George McGovern wrote a few dozen of his old enthusiasts asking whether he might not try again, a third time. One can imagine how uniformly negative their responses must have been for McGovern to have stilled the flames of his ambition and withdrawn. It is not easy to foresake one's calling.

Such departures are hardly noticed. For the field remains cluttered and is likely to become more so before the ultimate thinning out. Fortunately we do have the precedent of Vance Hartke's 10-day candidacy of 1972 as solace that some of the other contenders will back out too before their campaigns put a needless drain on the exhaustible supply of energy and money. There is still a long way to go—and a lot of nonsense to be endured—before the refining process. In the nonsense category is the proposal by two Democratic governors that Justice Byron "Whizzer" White make the race. To be sure, White has disillusioned no one in his tenure on the Court—because nothing much was ever expected of him. But the party is still thrashing about for names, and when that is its prime activity, almost any name will do, no matter how undistinguished, illiberal or unknown.

The dream name, of course, is Ted Kennedy's, at once distinguished and liberal, and no longer simply as an expression of nostalgia. He is much more than the youngest, and only surviving, brother of two men, half-legend, half-flesh. But he has chosen not to run, and he has said so too often and too deliberately to reverse course now. His honor, in fact, is at stake—in Kennedy's circumstances, a more formidable constraint than it would be for other politicians. Whatever

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his reasons for declining what could easily be his, it is possible that he is also reluctant to run because he knows that the legacy he carries cannot produce what people expect from it. Optimism, activity, grace will not do much to ease the American crisis; and Kennedy does the nation a service by not indulging us to think that recalling a lost idyll and reviving a felicitous personal style could constitute a mandate for governing.

Not so Sargent Shriver, who puts himself forward only as a brother-in-law, and confesses from the outset that he is his own second choice. But Shriver is a plucky man—has had to be to survive in an environment so dominated by others—and he tries to make the most of being second best. And this is why there is so much visible disappointment that the commanding brother-in-law Steven Smith stays away from the cause. The professionals know this abstention is politically significant, and Shriver has had to pretend that the presence of Rose Kennedy and Jacqueline Onassis at a party in his behalf establishes him as the authentic Kennedy legatee. There is considerable overkill in this legitimizing effort; the published list of early Shriver supporters is stacked with the kind of people who had flocked to previous Kennedy standards but are known in politics largely for their celebrity: Roosevelt Grier, Arthur Ashe, Cloris Leachman and the brother of Princess Grace who, the newspapers reported as an afterthought, is also a Philadelphia alderman.

Shriver does have his own loyal following, veterans of the Peace Corps and OEO. The memory of these, however, now recalls our failures more than it does our hopes, though a reunion for the participants may still be exhilarating. In any case, they have rallied to their chief the way the veterans of Bataan might have rallied to Gen. Wainwright. Shriver's personal qualities may be admirable, but they hardly justify a candidacy. Shriver has long been interested in aiming at the top, but in memory has not taken the lead on a critical issue and, as both Johnson's and Nixon's ambassador to Paris, he did worse than just avert his eyes from the Vietnam bloodletting. Without discernible commitments to public means and ethical ends in politics, he is the candidate of an ambiguous past.

Much has been made in the press of the apathy of party activists toward the present contenders. In our view, what is more disheartening is the spectacle of people teaming up and choosing sides on such slim grounds. The Democratic campaign is desultory because a few men want very much to be President but most are unable to articulate why.

Not all of them are *wholly* unable to justify their ambition. Among the announced aspirants, Henry Jackson comes closest to having a comprehensive platform and an identifiable record. While he has been in the liberal vanguard on oil policy, and is one of the petroleum industry's marked enemies, it is not clear what Jackson has learned—and, if anything, how deeply—from our disastrous intervention in Indochina. Fred Harris, whose concerns are primarily domestic, exhorts us to "tax the rich." Given the regressive tax system, this satisfies our sense of outraged justice; but it is a far cry from analysis or program. It has been sufficient, though, to earn Harris the enthusiasm of some of the most ideological liberals. He has had to share this flank with Morris Udall who has moved forward less on the strength of crystallized positions than of his manifest decency and seriousness. Terry Sanford and Jimmy Carter are provincials, not because they are Southerners but because they think that Northerners will warm to them simply because they are *liberal* Southerners. Sen. Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, whose Southern strategy is different was a successful and apparently honest businessman—something that is noticed these days; he worries about efficiency in administration, but not with the passions the old progressives brought to the problem. Is efficiency really the problem?

Sen. Birch Bayh is the most recent credible face in the lineup; but credibility is a trait ascribed by the press. It is certainly not something earned by clarity of vision or persistence in battle. Bayh has been something of a waffler on hard issues for Democrats; a friendlier characterization would be to say he is enigmatic. In any case, many old-line party brokers and labor leaders are inclined to Bayh, at least as a holding tactic against less congenial alternatives.

It is difficult to resist the sense, then, that the lead will be played by someone not yet on stage. Frank Church of Idaho waits to see whether his Senate CIA inquiry mires him in muddy waters or gives him a platform from which he can successfully enunciate a politics realistic in a dangerous world and true to democratic ideals. The odds are against him. This leaves off-stage the man who has been on longer than just about anyone else in American politics. The resurgence of Hubert Humphrey must stun the antiwar legions, who were confident that his 1968 victory in Chicago condemned him to permanent ignominy. That he should now widely be thought the most plausible nominee is less a tribute to his vitality than an expression of the fact that the Democratic party's range of accepted ideas is about what it was when Humphrey was mayor of Minneapolis. That was a long time ago.

Lyndon Johnson's Vice President is the reflexive hope of those who would bring back the New Deal; he's a last hurrah for the great coalition of irreconcilable interests. A Humphrey candidacy has its appeals: trying to nullify history can be a very tempting enterprise. It is not, however, likely to succeed. Humphrey, in any case, is too closely identified with the socially activist (and free spending) wing of the party. However deftly he may trim to meet the specifications of the voguish parsimony among Democrats, he is not likely to shake that honorable stigma. But this is exactly what the new breed is trying to do: Michael Dukakis in Massachu-

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setts, Hugh Carey in New York, Jerry Brown in California.

They are doing this with budget cutting acts attuned to the financial crisis of the large cities and states. But economically prudent measures may not accord with a just politics. The strategy chosen by these traditionally liberal Democrats to control the serious monetary crunch is likely to do more to magnify the accumulated inequities of the *status quo* than any full-scale ideological assault by fiscal conservatives. It is appalling how casually the great retreat from social programming has been put across and accepted. For this retreat does not express an intelligible conception of government in society; nor has it been executed in a context that also examined the role privilege and privileged institutions have played in provoking the present crisis. Rather it is an ersatz response to a particular situation—in truth a mood, a style of politics. But even something so insubstantial and untested has produced prospective presidential candidates.

Gov. Brown—young, private, taut—is the figure whose career seems for the moment most destined to benefit from this paradoxical manifestation of the new politics. He has attracted the attention and already engaged the ardor of many who are not ordinarily smitten by politicians who slice public spending. Mary McGrory, a genuinely progressive and humane newspaper columnist, entered him in the presidential lists. "Brown, in his beat-up Chevy, and Gov. Mike Dukakis...who takes the streetcar to work, have somehow arrived where the voters are." Such behavior may help create an appealing public image, but it is not the substance of politics.

Brown is said to have a philosophy, and that may bring us closer to the substance. McGrory tells us that he preaches "sacrifice and discipline and leanness. He said Americans are too materialistic." But when budgets are slashed it is rarely the sated who suffer. Brown is "the first candidate to voice a belief in original sin on national television." This happens to be a creed of his confession, but what does he see its implications to be for public policy? We have a hint of an answer: "Human nature is constant; it is weak; it needs a type of government that recognizes that mankind is really brought down by its instincts." This is serious business; and before more Democrats fasten onto the man who propounds these views, they had better be ready to think them out on their own—and not just as a novel mindset of a politician who "lives in a $200-a-month Sacramento apartment and sleeps on a mattress on the floor."

Jerry Brown and the unpremeditated caucus of large state governors are posing a significant challenge to the assumptions of American liberalism. It will not do to discuss this challenge simply as coming from beyond the pale or to point at its similarity to the mean-spirited misers of the right. Neither is it a fashion one can facilely embrace.

It is regrettable that the Democratic party seems incapable of generating serious discussion of issues between elections. We are at the start of another campaign, a time of even greater diversion from the essentials of political life. But the choices before us now may be more weighty than they have been in years—less obviously agonizing than when we waged war in Southeast Asia, but perhaps going directly to the matter of what kind of country we want to have. The question is whether the candidates will help us understand that this is what faces us, whether, in fact, they understand that themselves.

Rocky and the CIA's Family Jewels

Investigations of conspiracies often raise as many questions as they answer. Like the Warren Commission of a decade ago, the Rockefeller Commission was challenged before it had even issued its report. When the Rockefeller report on CIA domestic activities came out last June, its substantial disclosures made headlines. But how deep did Rocky's crew dig?

The first bit of light was cast upon skeletons in the CIA's closets in May of 1973, shortly after James R. Schlesinger was appointed to replace Richard Helms as director of Central Intelligence. On May 9, as the government of Richard Nixon was shifting, undermined by the rush of Watergate evidence, Schlesinger put out a memo to present and former CIA employees, asking them to "report to me immediately on any activities now going on, or that have gone on in the past, which might be construed to be outside the legislative charter of this Agency."

The next day, Nixon nominated Schlesinger to become Secretary of Defense to replace Elliot Richardson, whom Nixon nominated to become attorney general, to replace Richard Kleindienst, who was preparing to plead guilty to part of his part in the Watergate cover-up. The post-Watergate era had begun, even as the Watergate cover-up continued.

Schlesinger was a lame duck at CIA, but during the next 10 days his office received some 693 pages of allegations, many of them repeating the same tales from the perspectives of different participants. On May 21, 12 days after Schlesinger's call for confessions went out, the CIA inspector general's office prepared a report based upon "the 693," as the material had come to be called. If any further allegations came in after the IG's report was prepared, they weren't included in the report.

Within the CIA, the IG's report on "potential flap items" was classified and treated with utmost secrecy even for the supersecret CIA. The report became

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known as "The Family Jewels," because it was believed that the very continuation of the agency depended upon protecting it.

The Family Jewels was discussed with Rep. Lucien Nedzi, chairman of the House Armed Services subcommittee on intelligence, and Sen. Stuart Symington, who was filling in for James Eastland, chairman of the Armed Services Committee. (Stennis was recovering from having been shot in a robbery attempt outside his Northwest Washington DC home.) Neither of the legislators was sufficiently disturbed by what he learned to call for an inquiry, or apparently even to tell anyone else in Congress.

Schlesinger left the CIA to be sworn in as Secretary of Defense on July 2, 1973, apparently without telling anyone else in government about the Jewels. Nothing further happened regarding the "potential flap items" until January 22, 1974, when Seymour Hersh wrote his now-famous investigative story in *The New York Times* about the CIA's "massive, illegal, domestic spying operation." It seems a fair guess that Hersh had access to either a part of the Jewels or to someone who had seen the report.

Two days after Hersh's article appeared, Schlesinger's replacement as director of CIA, William Colby, made a report on CIA domestic activities to President Ford, then on a Christmas ski vacation at Vail, Colorado. The Vail report contained no information about CIA wrongdoing that was not contained in the Jewels, according to two sources who have seen the Jewels, including one who also reviewed the publicly-released—and heavily "sanitized"—version of the Vail report. In fact, according to one source, one of the documents in Colby's report to Ford was taken verbatim from the Jewels: a copy of Schlesinger's memo originally calling for employees to report improper activities. The CIA has neither confirmed nor denied reports that Colby also gave the President an oral briefing on another subject not written about in the Vail report but contained in the Jewels: assassinations.

On January 4, 1975 Ford appointed the Rockefeller Commission to look into Hersh's charges, which Ford knew from Colby's report were true. The commission was to have less than four months, and a professional staff of 10, not counting the press officer, to conduct its inquiry. (As it happened, the commission took six months.) When the commission's report came out on June 6, it looked as if the commission had done a great deal of investigative work. Particularly because of the small staff and time allotted for the commission's work, the findings seemed impressive: there had indeed been domestic intelligence-gathering on a large scale, especially under Operation CHAOS; the CIA had been intercepting, opening and photographing the first-class mail of thousands of Americans; CIA employees had engaged in burglary and illegal wiretapping, and had reviewed the federal income tax returns of citizens; CIA officials had slipped LSD and other mind-benders to unsuspecting Americans, one of whom had subsequently committed suicide; and so on.

But according to sources who have seen The Family Jewels, *there was not a single significant investigative finding of wrongdoing by the CIA contained in the Rockefeller Commission report that was not initially disclosed in the Jewels.* In other words, the Jewels, which was the culling of 12 days of employees' voluntary admissions to a lame duck CIA director, provided the basis for every major Rockefeller Commission finding of wrongdoing at the CIA.

The Rockefeller Commission's attorneys also came up with some criticisms and conclusions about the agency's very inadequate management review system, and shot down the already disclaimed charge that Waterbuggers and ex-CIA spooks E. Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis had been in Dallas on the day Kennedy was shot. But it is interesting to note that, unlike many other study commissions, the Rockefeller Commission did not tell readers of its report how it had conducted its investigation.

Peter J. Wallison, who as counsel to the Vice President worked closely with the CIA "investigation," conceded recently in a telephone interview that the Jewels "was one of the basic working documents that the staff had, but they did their own investigation." He referred specific inquiries to David W. Belin, executive director of the commission and one of the moving forces behind the Warren Commission's inadequate investigation of the JFK assassination. Belin, interviewed by phone in his Des Moines law office, confirmed that the Jewels, as he put it, "was the starting point," but insisted that the commission had developed its own leads and had done a great deal of investigative work on matters not covered in the Jewels. He was able to cite only one mention in the commission report of agency impropriety that he said was not mentioned in the Jewels—agency relations with Watergate figures. But that had all come out long before the Rockefeller Commission was created, and CIA-Watergate involvement was a major item in the Jewels, according to sources who have seen the report.

The Rockefeller inquiry and report ended at a point somewhere between telling the truth and telling the whole truth about CIA domestic activities. A real investigation is now a job for Congress.

To Our Readers

Richard L. Strout, of *The Christian Science Monitor*, and TRB in *The New Republic* since 1943, last week received the National Press Club's Fourth Estate Award. In its announcement the press club said, "Over the past years, Dick Strout's correspondence and commentary from Washington have been distinguished by the highest quality of probity and professionalism. This modest and brilliant man deserves every honor his peers can confer on him." Previous recipients of the award were Walter Cronkite and James Reston.

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The Senate Select Committee Investigating Intelligence has had the Jewels for several months, and Otis Pike's Committee in the House obtained a full copy recently after Pike called a press conference to charge that the CIA was covering up. (The documents arrived after Pike's announcement of a press conference went out on the wires, but less than an hour before the conference was to be held.) Pike's Committee was reported contemplating hearings on the Jewels last week, but apparently has decided to postpone them.

Edward Roeder

Mr. Roeder is a Washington free lance writer.

White House Watch

Hard Times

President Ford was having a hard time convincing anyone except his own officials, and some of them seemed to be in doubt, that such major initiatives as his proposals to commit $100 billion to the development of new energy sources over the next decade and to couple a $28 billion cut in federal taxes with a reduction of the same amount in projected federal spending were for real. The suspicion that these and other proposals and positions were political gimmicks, designed to secure his nomination and election next year to the office that he now holds by appointment, thoroughly galled him. One of the signs that it did appeared on October 14 when he turned up in person at a White House briefing at which Secretary of the Treasury William Simon, Chairman Alan Greenspan of the Council of Economic Advisers, and budget director James Lynn had expected to instruct 18 invited columnists in the merits of the tax and spending cut. Simon, Greenspan and Lynn performed as intended, but only after the President had dominated the occasion for 30 minutes.

His first purpose, Mr. Ford said at the start, was to "put at rest" the notion that his tax and spending proposal was "something that came out of thin air at the last minute." He said the truth was that "the whole thought really began sometime early this year and has been worked on over a period of several months in some detail." The serious question was whether the tax cut, taking effect many months before the spending cut could begin to apply, would have the inflationary result of enormously increasing an already enormous federal deficit. President Ford dealt with the question mainly by referring it to Messrs. Simon and Greenspan, who thereupon entertained the audience with the argument, a truly remarkable one for two famed hard-core fiscal conservatives, that a huge and suddenly enlarged deficit didn't have to be inflationary at all and in this instance could actually be counter-inflationary by raising the prospect of a balanced budget within three years. Before Simon and Greenspan got into that line of talk, however, the columnists kept Mr. Ford on the defensive with a series of questions that culminated with the following barb: "The question is whether it is true, as alleged in *The Wall Street Journal*, that you decided it (the tax and spending proposal) in a golf course conversation with Mel Laird." The President's equivocal answer—"There is no validity to that latter part, that it was decided on the golf course, no truth whatsoever"—left the impression that Mr. Ford's crony and unofficial adviser, former congressman and defense secretary Melvin R. Laird, may indeed have had a part in concocting the proposal. Subsequent inquiries as to whether he did or didn't produced an account that is offered herewith in the belief that it at least approximates the truth.

The final decision to link a tax cut of $28 billion in calendar 1976 with a demand that Congress commit itself to hold federal spending $28 billion below what it might otherwise be in fiscal 1977, a period that begins for the first time next year on October 1 instead of July 1, was taken at a White House meeting on Sunday morning, October 5. Laird wasn't present but he'd known what was up for quite a while and he and the President discussed the decision during a golf game at the Burning Tree country club that Sunday afternoon. Laird had some doubts, chiefly going to the size of the proposed tax cut and more importantly to Mr. Ford's inclination, followed in due course, to label it "a permanent tax cut." Laird foresees that the next President, whether he be Gerald Ford or somebody else, may be recommending tax increases rather than reductions and argues that this President should guard against that possibility. In the main, though, he encouraged the President to go ahead with the combined tax and spending proposal and predicted a congressional reaction that was the reverse of what occurred.

Laird thought, and told the President to expect, that the Democratic majority and its leaders in Congress would jump at and accept the President's proposal and figures in the typically devious calculation—typical for Melvin Laird, that is—that Mr. Ford would actually be putting himself rather than the congressional Democrats on the spot. The Democrats, Laird reasoned, could resolve to hold 1977 outlay to the demanded $395 billion—$25 billion more than it's expected to be in the present fiscal year but $28 billion below what it could be at present spending levels in the next fiscal year—without actually binding themselves to do it. They wouldn't be binding themselves because it's legally impossible to do so, a fact known equally well to them and to President Ford. Laird further reasoned that the Democrats would await Mr. Ford's fiscal 1977 budget, which he has to submit next January, and do battle with him over the nature and categories of the spending cuts

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that he would have bound himself to propose, while taking all the credit they could for enacting the 1976 tax cut. In the event the Democrats denounced the twin proposal as a campaign phoney and knotted themselves in attempts to come up with counter-proposals.

Although the understanding was that the October 14 briefing would be confined to the tax-spending proposal, a reporter managed to drag Vice President Nelson Rockefeller and his seeming difference with the President over federal policy toward near-bankrupt New York City into the discussion. Apart from the understanding, this was sneaky because a more substantial and welcome inquiry would have had to do with the President's proposal—originally Rockefeller's—to commit up to $25 billion in appropriated funds and $75 billion in loan guarantees over the next 10 years to developing new energy sources that would lessen (but never eliminate) the nation's need for imported oil. The New York City matter was more interesting and it was raised with the following question: "Are you and Mr. Rockefeller now taking different positions on the possible need for some federal assistance to New York City?" Mr. Ford, looking pained, answered that "I would say it [the difference] is minimal," and then fled from the question with a renewal of his familiar plaint that Mayor Abe Beame was still far short of the measures necessary to start the city's budget toward balance and so restore its credit with banks and in the bond markets. If and when New York, City and State, authorities between them accomplished that, Mr. Ford had been arguing and the Vice President until recently had agreed, there would be no need for federal grants, loans or guarantees to save the city from imminent default and the nation from that event's possibly disastrous impact. Now the Vice President was saying that a default would be "a catastrophe" and that, even when and after the state and city had begun to end the long era of piling loan upon loan to meet current expenses, Congress would have to provide some sort of federal "bridge" to see the city through to solvency over the next three years. The President's claim and the Vice President's feeble agreement that the public difference was "minimal" when in fact it was large and fundamental precipitated much printed and broadcast speculation that Gerald Ford was dumping Nelson Rockefeller.

The interesting story is how the Vice President came to change his view and why and when he told the President that he had changed. Nelson Rockefeller's brother David, board chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, visited Mr. Ford at the White House and pleaded with him for federal intervention on September 23. The easy supposition is that this either signalled or caused the Vice President's shift. Known events don't support the supposition. On September 25, in an interview with the editors of *US News & World Report*, the Vice President made one of his strongest and harshest statements that "I don't think the Federal government can stand back of a history of overspending and over-commitment with a blank check operation and still preserve the solvency of our nation." On September 26, the Vice President held at his New York home in Pocantico Hills the annual "Governor's Lunch" for New York Republicans that he instituted when he was governor. Sixty-two county Republican chairmen attended. When Rockefeller asked them what they thought the federal government should do about New York City, the majority said they personally didn't give a damn what happened to that detested metropolis. Politically, however, some show of federal compassion for the city and its people was necessary and would be wise. At his regular weekly meeting with the President on October 2, the Vice President relayed the chairmen's view and said he was going to adopt and publicly express it. Mr. Ford immediately told Simon, Greenspan, Lynn, Chairman Arthur Burns of the Federal Reserve Board, and other fiscal advisers that Rockefeller was about to jump the ship. Most of the advisers urged the President to stick to his past and deeply felt view that nothing but steadfast federal refusal to promise help would force New York, city and state, to do what was necessary to restore solvency and confidence. Mr. Ford did so, with ever increasing vehemence. At a press conference in Portland on October 3, the Vice President suggested for the first time that only Congress could authorize federal help and might have to do it. From that rather tepid position he moved steadily and by stages to the view he expressed in a speech in New York City on October 11: "Time is of the essence and the resolution of this immediate New York City situation is crucial. After the state . . . and . . . city have acted to restore fiscal integrity it will be the true test of the responsiveness of our congressional system as to whether the Congress can act in time to avoid catastrophe." Simon and several other presidential advisers professed to be astounded and outraged. They were outraged, all right, but they weren't astounded. They'd known since October 2 that it was going to happen. Ford and Rockefeller people agree that the President took it calmly and remained on good terms with his Vice President.

John Osborne

Spain's Looming Military
Franco Then the Army?

Madrid

The Spanish armed forces, no longer a military monolith, may become the arbiter of Spain's political future in the crisis following Generalissimo Francisco Franco's latest serious illness and probable disappearance from the national scene. Until recently, it

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was generally assumed that the military, acting together, would guarantee a reasonably smooth transition from Franco to Prince Juan Carlos, his 37-year-old designated successor, under the provisions of the Succession Law, which calls for the restoration of a monarchy upon Franco's death or retirement.

However as I discovered here the week of Franco's first heart attack—these old assumptions may have already been overwhelmed by events, leaving the role of the Spanish military a major question. One important factor is the rapidly growing strength of the clandestine Democratic Military Union (UMD), an organization of young anti-regime officers who want Spain to become a Western democracy after 36 years of uncontested dictatorial rule.

From contacts with the UMD, I obtained copies of the Union's internal documents—including the statement of its political and military objectives—that reflect the thinking of the young officers, and suggest their probable course of action.

UMD's existence has been known for some time and at least 13 officers have been under detention since late July because they are linked to the Union. The regime has not mentioned the UMD in connection with the arrests—the last three were made in Barcelona in mid-October (an Air Force captain defected in Paris the same week and held a news conference denouncing Franco)—confining official announcements to charges of seditious activities by the Union's officers.

This is, then, the first time that the UMD's secret documents have been publicly detailed. The best available estimate is that about 600 officers are involved with the UMD. This is only slightly more than one percent of the Spanish officer corps, but UMD members are placed in strategic staff and command positions. The Union's influence, therefore, transcends its numbers.

When the UMD was secretly constituted last January, it did not plan to carry out a coup d'état, as the Portuguese "Movement of Captains" (later transformed into the Armed Forces Movement) had done in April, '74. Instead the Union, believing that the death or resignation of the 82-year-old Franco was not far off, chose to concentrate on preparations for the transition period. Its activities were concealed behind a network of "study groups" which, ostensibly, centered on the professional problems of the military. The Union's real aim, however, was to create conditions that would prevent the military establishment from assuring the perpetuation of a dictatorial regime in Spain under Juan Carlos as king. When Juan Carlos was designated Franco's successor in 1969, he swore allegiance to the "principles" of the National Movement, Spain's only legal political organization, controlled by the Francoist bureaucracy, indicating that basically the old system would be continued under the protection of the military and the powerful police forces.

But the UMD has a different vision of a new Spain. The Union's political objectives are listed in its *Idéario* (statement of ideas) circulated throughout the officer corps since January. The *Idéario* states that a "complete divorce exists between the real Spain and the totalitarian system," which seeks to use the armed forces as the "guardian of the interests of the present regime, and not of the Spanish people." It emphasizes the UMD's belief that the armed forces should be placed "exclusively at the service of the people, recovering its prestige and dignity." The document affirms that the UMD, based on "all the professional cadres of the armed forces," rules out the participation of politicians linked either to the government or to the opposition. Professionally, the document says, membership in the Union requires the rejection of "comfortable" assignments; its officers should seek to be attached to operational units and the command of troops. On the national level, it adds, UMD officers "will assume the responsibility of acquiring a profound political conscience, aware of the risks presently implicit in it." The document then lists the UMD's five political objectives:

"1. Full restoration of human rights and democratic freedoms and, consequently, the proclamation of a total amnesty for all citizens (civilian and military) who have been punished for defending these rights.

2. Social-economic reforms leading to an equitable distribution of (national) wealth, recognizing the right of workers to all their freedoms such as the freedom to strike and direct and freely organize their own unions.

3. Recognition, on all territorial and institutional levels, of the right to democratically elect the leaders and create the form of government . . . that is judged the most adequate, but without undermining the integrity of the Spanish state.

4. To combat, with the greatest energy, prevailing corruption established by the regime, until its total . . . eradication.

5.The convening of a democratically elected Constituent Assembly to draft a Constitution for Spain that would allow us to become integrated again in Western Europe."

The *Idéario* also calls for a reorganization of the armed forces under a unified defense ministry and a new system of military justice.

The UMD has a generally leftist orientation, to judge from its original manifesto, entitled "Where Are the Captains?" The manifesto charges that the regime "misled us in our young years with [its] imperialist ideas . . . [it] delivered the country to the power of multinational companies and to the North American capitalist empire." However the Union claims to believe in political pluralism. It takes the view that free political parties should replace the present system to decide Spain's future "along the path of freedom." At that time, it says, the army will return to its barracks "to fulfill the mission that corresponds to it in a society in an advanced phase of development."

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With the impending end of the Franco regime, the UMD may soon find itself in direct conflict with the old military establishment over how the succession will work out. Under the law, the hand-picked *Cortes* (parliament) and the Council of the Realm, a figurehead group, has eight days from Franco's death or resignation to confirm Juan Carlos as chief of state and name him king. Franco's assumption had always been that the armed forces and the police would assure a peaceful transition in cooperation with the premier, a post now held by Carlos Arias Navarro. Those eight days could prove to be critical for Spain—and are unpredictable.

The armed forces are headed by generals and admirals, most of them of extreme rightist persuasion, who were picked by Franco for their loyalty to him and his regime. Most of them were his Civil war companions. On October 11, Franco reshuffled the top commands in an apparent effort to bolster the military establishment following the tensions that had arisen in the wake of the execution, late in September, of five men charged with killing members of the *Guardia Civil*, the 40,000-man national paramilitary police. Lt. Gen. Angel Campano, an ultra rightist who signed the death warrants, was transferred from his post as commander of the Madrid military region to become head of the *Guardia Civil*, regarded by many as the mainstay of the regime. Lt. Gen. José Vega Rodriguez was relieved of the command of the *Guardia Civil* because of his alleged liberal sympathies. Lt. Gen. Felix Alvarez Arenas, another top Franco loyalist, was brought from the southern military region in Sevilla to take over the Madrid region, the most important in the country. Three days later, a group of top military commanders issued a public statement assuring Franco and the regime of the armed forces' loyalties.

Some political observers in Madrid believe that this was done to counter the UMD's growing influence and the spreading unhappiness in the armed forces. It is no secret that many army officers resented the fact that Franco had ordered the military to hold courts-martial of Basque separatist and leftist revolutionaries charged with the killing of *Guardia Civil* and regular police officials. The trials wholly lacked due process, with the defense unable to present its case adequately. As one officer remarked privately, "these people were terrorists and should have been tried, but the army doesn't want to do Franco's dirty work at this stage in the political situation." Another element in the dissatisfaction of many young officers was that in the latest round of appointments Franco failed to promote to lieutenant general one of the most promising senior officers of the new generation, Maj. Gen. Manuel Gutierrez Mellado, who is known to have friends among liberals and has been pushing for reforms in the armed forces. One of the UMD's complaints is that Franco had been consistently bypassing highly educated and modern-minded officers in favor of his political friends in the armed forces.

Conditions, therefore, exist for a confrontation within the military over succession. If Juan Carlos and Premier Arias decide to cast their lot with the old Francoist commanders, the confrontation could become serious, polarizing the armed forces and much of the nation. Some officers believe, however, that Juan Carlos, who is aware of the UMD, may seek a compromise during the transition period, perhaps bringing to the fore Lt. Gen. Manuel Diez Alegria whom Franco dismissed last year as chief of the General Staff of the Armed Forces because of his liberal views. Premier Arias, whose efforts earlier this year to grant Spain a modicum of political liberalization were sabotaged by Franco, might likewise choose a compromise that would defuse a confrontation.

But a compromise with the UMD and other liberals would require the acceptance of their demands that, in effect, the Franco state be dismantled altogether as part of the succession, that free elections be called, and that the one-party state be ended. This, in turn, would pose grave difficulties for Juan Carlos and Arias because of the inevitable pressures from still powerful ultra conservative elements, including the *Guardia Civil*. The political conflict, then, would deepen, presumably bringing into the picture such opposition elements as the clandestine labor unions, in which Communists and Socialists are extremely strong.

Even if the succession crisis is further delayed—Spaniards remember that last year Franco resumed power after handing it over briefly to Juan Carlos as the result of illness—tensions in Spain are certain to keep rising. Anti-police terrorism by the Basques and militants of the FRAP (Revolutionary anti-Fascist Popular Front) has already claimed 10 more lives of policemen and Civil Guards since the September executions—there have been 28 such murders this year—and the regime appears determined to proceed with new trials and possibly new executions. There is no question that, despite mounting opposition, Franco, if not the regime, still commands considerable popular support. Polarization, therefore, tends to grow.

From the military viewpoint, King Hassan's decision to send 350,000 unarmed Moroccans into the sands of the Spanish Sahara to prevent an independence referendum—Morocco has claims on this phosphates-rich territory—may restore some cohesion to the armed forces. Spain maintains about 25,000 troops in the Sahara; a war with the Moroccans might help to coalesce patriotic sentiments around Franco and Juan Carlos. Much will depend on whether the Sahara crisis is resolved in some manner before the succession struggle breaks wide open.

All things considered, there seems to be little doubt that the Spanish armed forces—and the Democratic Military Union—will, in the end, play a decisive role in determining where Spain goes after Franco.

Tad Szulc

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To the Foreign Relations Council

A Letter from Rome

Dear Fellows:

You may have heard a bit about the Segre affair, sometimes known as the Nagorski affair in Italy. It seems that Zygmunt Nagorski, Jr., a staff member of the Council on Foreign Relations went to Italy, where he had some private conversations with Sergio Segre the Foreign Minister of the Italian Communist party.

Segre was invited to join a delegation of prominent Italians coming to the United States for a council shindig. Then the Italian press found out about it and blew the whole thing up, portraying poor Nagorski not merely as a representative of the council but also of the Rockefellers, Henry Kissinger and the United States government, and predicted that soon President Gerald Ford and Enrico Berlinguer, secretary general of the Italian Communist party (PCI), would soon be just plain Jerry and Henry. Some of the Italian press even went so far as to assume that Zygmunt Nagorski was actually Zbigniew Brzezinski, who has been running the Trilateral Commission—a natural enough mistake since the civic-minded David Rockefeller sits astride both organizations. But not too discreet inquiries both by Segre and by the council came up with the stunning discovery that the State Department would not give Segre a visa, officially because he is a Communist. But, really, some of those unnamed senior State Department officials aboard Kissinger's plane like to pretend nothing will change in Southern Europe.

The Segre affair led to an outcry in Italy and the whole crowd of prominent Italians cancelled their trip in protest. Then to ensure an even greater scandal, the head of what is commonly regarded as the Neo-Fascist party in Italy went to Washington where he was received by members of Congress who wouldn't necessarily know better, but also by a member of the National Security Council which should know better. Some people never learn.

Since you were not able to hear Segre, I thought I would appoint myself an unofficial emissary and slip quietly into Rome and as your surrogate ask Segre all those questions you would have asked about this most mysterious Communist party. Is it really as nice as it seems? The questions have to be asked because change is coming to Italy and the Italian Communists are embarked on a slow, stately, unhurried march into the national government from which they were evicted in May 1947. And they will probably come into government not as part of a slim left majority but in some kind of working relationship with conservatives and centrists as well as Socialists in what they call the Historical Compromise. It is not only that they are growing but also that the other parties are losing credibility as governments—because of corruption, a bloated government machinery that does not work, the collapse of public services and public order (symbolized by the habit of kidnapping), stalled economic development, and the jungle of distribution whereby an engineer on a crack cross-country train is paid less than a street car conductor in Rome who does not even bother to turn up to work. In this context the Communists are emerging as the party of order and good government and if the votes they are receiving are protest votes then this protest is not casually made. The real shock came in the June 15 local and regional elections when with a very high turnout, the PCI won 33 percent of the vote compared to the Christian Democrats' 35 percent. The Communists now, either by themselves or in coalition, rule all the major cities north of Rome as well as five regions producing 30 percent of the country's wealth, and even the stronghold of Christian Democracy and corruption—Naples (finding ourselves governing Naples with all its problems landing on our heads was the last thing we wanted, Segre told me. We would be fools to think that with a minority government we could solve its problems.) The PCI victory in June, for that is what it was, created a crisis of identity for the Christian Democrats as well as an internal power struggle. In the last month the present party leaders have made clear that they are no longer trying to isolate the PCI.

So American hopes notwithstanding, Italy will change and I went along to see Sergio Segre, who is 49, shortish, a former journalist for the party paper *L'Unita* and looks a good deal like that photograph of Paul Samuelson that runs in *Newsweek*. Shortly after we had started talking, Segre was interrupted by a phone call. It was Moscow, he said when he hung up—adding with a smile, that it was the Moscow correspondent for one of Italy's leading conservative newspapers.

I had begun by pointing out that there are three grounds on which Western liberals oppose the accession of Communist parties to power—links to Moscow, totalitarianism and a tendency to nationalize everything.

He responded vigorously on the first point. We are an independent autonomous party, he said, and not merely that. We are also carrying out a fight in the international Communist movement based on those principles. He was emphatic—there is no leading party, no leading state, and he had an example. Just two days before he had returned from East Berlin where the European Communist parties had finally agreed on procedures for a congress, the Soviets had been pressing very hard for such a gathering in anticipation of their own party congress next February and in order to ensure that the parties follow the line in the aftermath of Helsinki. The Russians had hardly gotten their way but rather had been forced to a compromise by the Italian and other Western parties. The decisions will have to be unanimous, which means many fewer

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decisions. The document now being prepared will be narrow in topic, and many serious differences of opinion will not be dealt with. The autonomy of the party, Segre insisted, had historical roots; it did not just base itself on translations of Marxist-Leninist texts. It has its own own seminal thinkers in the figure of Gramsci and others. Italian communism was not an import. It had developed in the tradition of the previous Italian culture.

At this moment his secretary brought in small cups of Italian coffee. He used a sugar substitute since he is watching his weight and I raised the second point—are you totalitarians?

He replied in a somewhat roundabout way that the Italian party had found itself in the position to criticize Socialist countries but instead of just negative criticism, we had had to develop positive criticism, a model of what a Socialist society could be like. He quoted something Comrade Berlinguer had said at the last party congress, that all existing Socialist (*i.e.* Communist) societies are fundamentally anomalous. They came into being in backward societies with non-democratic traditions, which was not Marx's vision. Again he quoted Berlinguer—the problem today in advanced democratic societies is to weld socialism and democracy. No, they aren't totalitarians; they had after all contributed to the very writing of the republic's constitution after World War II. The challenge for Communist parties was to maintain and take over all the freedoms and civil liberties conquered by the bourgeois revolution.

Later I was given an article from the July 15, 1975 edition of *L'Unita* attacking the persecution of philosopher Karl Kosik by the Czechoslovakian government. Behind the current attacks on intellectuals in Czechoslovakia, declared *L'Unita*, "there is something seriously wrong rooted in the way of conceiving the nature of the state and the relationship between the party and state and between the state and its citizens, something we cannot agree with." The Italian party forcefully condemned the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. But these are words and I was about to ask Segre about what happens if they come to power, would a Communist government be reversible?

But he did not let me get my question out. Your next question, he said, will be what happens when we come into the government. Naturally, he went on, I can't give you a document signed by a Notary Public but there are other guarantees—the deep rooted conviction widely recognized now that socialism and democracy can only exist with a broad consensus, a conviction based not merely on the historical situation of the Socialist countries but also because of Chile and Portugal. (In fact Party Secretary Berlinguer first enunciated the notion of the historical compromise in the light of the coup that destroyed Allende and his government in Chile in 1973. Berlinguer in his "reflections" on Chile called for in Italy "collaboration and agreement among the popular forces of communistic and socialistic inspiration and the popular forces of Catholic inspiraton together with formations of other Democratic organizations.")

Segre had another guarantee: the Communist party today is a mass party and had become so on these principles and if they try to change they would provoke a crisis not only in society but also in party (the party has an interesting doctrine of the lay state that rejects "the dogmatic conception of the revolutionary party omnipresent in every sphere of thought and action—from politics to culture, art, philosophy and "the religion.")

All these guarantees are very interesting, I said, especially the apparent rejection of the Leninist concept of the party. But what about your cadres? How many still look to Moscow? What remnants of Stalinism?

Segre disposed of the matter with an unsatisfactorily-quick wave of his hand—that the Stalinists are to be found only in the small extreme left parties, Maoists, Guevaraists, who knows what they are now, they are of little importance.

And what about nationalization? I asked.

The PCI has already pronounced the state sector too big, he said.

In fact I already knew that it would be hard to find anybody in Italy who wants to expand the overmanned, inefficient and unwieldy state sector—the British Labour party today puts more faith in the dogma of nationalization than the Italian Communist party. Still I was a little amused when Segre said that not only could the smaller firms continue to operate as private enterprise in a Socialist Italy but perhaps even the great firms like Fiat.

The important point, Segre said, is that the state take the power to direct investment and consumption, and that reminded Segre of an anecdote. Recently, Giovanni Agnelli, chairman of Fiat, led an Italian trade delegation to Peking. The Chinese launched into a harangue about how terrible the Italian Communists are, that they are revisionists and stooges of Moscow at the same time. Suddenly Agnelli found himself in the unusual position of trying to explain to his Chinese hosts that the Italian Communists are actually a great and worthy popular democratic force in Italy.

Speaking of trips, I asked Segre, are you sorry that you couldn't get into the United States?

Naturally I wanted to go, he said. I'm extremely interested in getting to know American society with my own eyes, because of its importance. The lack of communication between the United States and the PCI is an anachronism.

His response leads to an obvious point. The Historic Compromise, in truth, means not only a coming to terms with the Christian Democrats, but also with the United States, so that the United States will not

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intervene against them, and so that the extreme right cannot count on US sponsorship for a coup.

You should keep in mind that the Italian Communists do not live in a ghetto like the French Communists. Rather, they are great joiners: they are integrated into every facet of the Italian life. Here's an example: one night a few weeks ago, the wall of the church in Rome was painted with right-wing graffiti attacking that church's reform-minded priest. At seven the next morning, the priest was awakened by a phone call from a local Communist leader, informing him of the outrage, apologizing on behalf of the community, and offering to send a squad to paint it over even before the morning rush hour began. This joining extends beyond Italy. Again, unlike the dour French, they actively involve themselves in the workings of the European community.

But what can you say about an Italian Communist party that has carried joining so far that it no longer officially objects to Italian membership in NATO, which, as you will remember, is an anti-Communist alliance headquartered in Brussels? I had to smile when I asked Segre about that.

This is not just a passport to get into the government, Segre said firmly. We realize that Italy is part of the Western sphere, and we have no great interest in detaching it from the Western sphere and putting it into the Eastern sphere—though of course Italy should be allowed an autonomous internal policy. But our view of NATO is based upon a general analysis of détente. There is a strategic equilibrium in Europe. Underlying the process of détente is a gentlemen's agreement not a to break that stability.

A few weeks ago, I had heard NATO Commander Gen. Alexander Haig deliver a speech that sounded as though it had been pulled unedited from the 1951 speech file. I am sure, I said to Segre, that even if Gen. Haig could not contain communism in Italy, at least he would be able to contain his pleasure at the thought of Italy's acquiring a Communist defense minister.

Ah, but we have not asked for the ministry of defense, said Segre. We have not advanced any claims.

If the Italian Communists don't fit the stereotypes—not tools of Moscow, not totalitarians, and not out to transform the economy completely, then are they still Communists? At what point do they become Social Democrats? I asked Segre.

Now the PCI does not like to be accused of social Democratic deviations, but Segre still answered politely. No Social Democrats, he said, have achieved socialism. We believe that socialism is necessary for the present problems of contemporary society, to change the class and political relationships. Having said that, he added, we must realize in a sense that the question is still open. If you look at the last 50 years of history, neither Communist parties nor Socialist parties have succeeded in building socialism. Therefore the problem is to arrive at a dialogue between Communist and Socialist forces to see if common answers can be found to the question of what type of socialism can and should be built in Western societies. And the aim is a synthesis of socialism and democracy, based upon the idea that there cannot be real socialism without democracy, nor real democracy without socialism.

And where are events leading in Italy?

There is a new political situation in Italy, Segre said. The Christian Democrats and other parties are in a deep crisis. The Christian Democrats are trying to find a new identity. Today it is increasingly recognized that you cannot conduct a political line against the Communists that, in fact, it is increasingly difficult to govern Italy without Communists. People see us as honest, efficient and that credibility is very important. You can say that when the Communist party is identified with disorder, it has remained small, but when identified with order, it has tended to grow.

We were finding it more and more difficult to talk because of the blaring of auto horns from the monumental traffic jam outside. An example of Italian disorder. Rome was choking on its nightly traffic congestion. I had been 45 minutes late in coming back for our second talk because I had spent an hour in a taxi trying to travel 20 blocks. If it hadn't been pouring or at least if I had had an umbrella, I would have walked and been on time.

Segre gestured towards the window. People, he said, used to regard their private cars as freedom. But do you think those people trapped in their cars wanting to get home think of themselves as free? Of course not. Those are the people who are voting for us. He reminisced about how Communist local governments had pioneered pedestrian precincts, how the Communist government of Bologna had introduced free public transportation.

That, of course, compares favorably with the Christian Democratic Rome, where one of the most famous jokes concerns Rome's subway system, 35 years in planning and construction, five miles in length. Which led me to an intriguing thought—perhaps the Italian Communists will come to power not as the party of public order but as the party of public transport. But rather than go off on that line, I raised other questions that I know you would have wanted to ask if Segre had made it to New York. For instance, Portugal, where the Italian Communist party, as well as that of the Spanish Communists, has made clear a preference of sorts for Mario Soares' Socialist party over Alvaro de Cunhal's Communist party.

Undoubtedly some of them don't like us, said Segre, with some understatement, regarding the Portuguese comrades. The origin of the mistaken tactics of the Portuguese Communist party, he was saying, is that at a certain time they decided that there was no alternative between socialism and fascism. Whereas other alternatives did exist, such as a democratic regime

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open to socialism. It was a situation something like in Italy in 1945. And if we had tried to do as they are trying to do, we too would have failed. Instead, we worked to set up a democratic republic. But in Portugal, embarking on their quick road, they not only did not take account of the international situation, but also of the domestic situation. However, Segre was careful in his criticism. Recently Mario Soares had suggested a joint meeting of the Socialist and Communist parties of Italy, Portugal, Spain and France. Italian Communists had decided not to participate because Cunhal has rejected the idea and because they thought it might turn into a trial of the Portuguese Communists. But the Italian Communist and Socialist parties are now exploring the possibility of sponsoring some such jamboree.

My last question went back to my first—the Soviet Union and the PCI. How would Moscow regard the PCI's coming to power? As a high IQ Trojan Horse that would shake and destabilize the West, promote Finlandization (pardon me for using last year's cliché), and generally advance the glorious course of world revolution? Or would their participation in the government pose a threat to the Russians, as a kind of third Rome after Moscow and Peking that might destabilize the Soviet empire in Eastern Europe? I myself believe that the latter is just as likely as the former. The Italian Communists already enjoy a certain prestige in Eastern Europe, influence in some circles sufficient enough that their newspaper *L'Unita* is not always distributed. In power they might provide an all too attractive alternative.

Segre hardly wanted to be drawn out on that point. All that he would say is that neither the Chinese model nor the Cuban model is very attractive to the Czechs or the Poles. Oh yes, he did add somewhat mysteriously that the Soviet comrades are very prudent.

The Historic Compromise is, as I said before, a slow, steady but at this point probably successful march. Of course what this broad coalition could actually accomplish once in power is not altogether clear. Yet in some sense the Historic Compromise is already here if you consider the fact that a national coalition led by the Christian Democrats must deal with a host of regional and local governments led by Communists. The PCI is a part of Italian national life and enjoys a broad support the United States needs.

Peking, Taiwan and the USA

Triangles Have Three Sides

by Ross Terrill

Since Peking and Washington came to a limited agreement on the principles of the Taiwan issue at Shanghai in February 1972, some people say Taiwan is a sleeping dog that should be let lie. But in the light of overall world politics this would be unwise.

If there is today a kind of "intermission" in US strategic thinking, the reason lies less in alleged weaknesses of America's democratic institutions, than in the fact that America's post-World War II supremacy has ended. Russian power rises all over the world and this changes the color of familiar landscape; it is not easy to get used to the chilly new geography.

New ways are needed to counter Soviet power in an era when nuclear weapons are unlikely to be politically decisive, economic issues preoccupy most nations, alliances melt like butter in the sun, and social change is more likely in Europe than in Asia. A solid and many-sided tie between the US and the People's Republic of China (PRC) is one of the best options on the market. The US-China link ought to be forged closer, first, because it has over the past four years given pause to Moscow's hawks; second, because it has relaxed tensions in East Asia and given the small lands a chance to focus on problems of peace rather than those of war; third, because the people and traders of China and the US have an interest and a compatibility with each other.

Taiwan is a stumbling block, yet it is not beyond the limits of strong leadership on both sides to finish the construction of a solution—provided the idealism and rigidity that lie behind US "commitments" to Chiang's

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Ross Terrill's most recent book is *Flowers on an Iron Tree*, (Atlantic, Little-Brown). He has just returned from China.

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Republic of China are modified by a remembrance of history and a sense of future strategic need.

Recall that there are three layers to the Taiwan issue. One is that the Chinese civil war smolders on, so long as there is a regime in Taipei that pants for recovery of the 26 provinces it fumbled with and then lost. This "two Chinas" pain has eased since 1972 as the US and Japan have acknowledged that there is only one China, and as 30-odd nations have stopped regarding the government in Taipei as the Republic of China and begun to treat it as an entity with which there can be plenty of private, but no official, dealings.

The second layer is the existence in Taiwan of soldiers and bases that were originally a by-product of the outbreak of the Korean war in 1950. A solution to this problem was laid down at Shanghai when the US stated that "it affirms the ultimate objective of the withdrawal of all forces and military installations from Taiwan." Since that time the US has indeed withdrawn more than half its military establishment from the island—much of it was geared to the affairs of Indochina and withdrawal of the remaining planes and 3000 men does not pose a major problem from the American side.

The third layer is the view held both in Taipei and Peking that Taiwan is a province that should be reunited with the mainland. Merger seems about as possible as mixing one unit of water with 55 units of whiskey (that is the population ratio of Taiwan and the People's Republic of China) and achieving a drink that differs in any noticeable way from pure whiskey. Yet I have distinguished the three layers of the Taiwan brick wall for a reason that is important and lends hope.

As a matter of historical fact, the third layer of the Taiwan issue was not an urgent matter until the first and second layers intruded. Mao Tse-tung told Edgar Snow in the 1930s that Taiwan may or may not come back to China.

Three things turned the Taiwan question into the emotional core of Chinese foreign policy, and the chief bilateral quarrel between Peking and Washington over more than 25 years: Chiang Kai-shek's claim that his remnant in Taiwan was the government of China, American backing for this, and the decision of President Truman in June 1950 (reversing previous policy) that led to making the island a US military base.

Once Taipei ceases to pose as the government of China, or is no longer acknowledged as such by Washington, and once Taiwan is no more the site of foreign planes and joint war-games between US and Taiwan forces, the question of Taiwan as a separated province may not be as urgent to Peking as many people now assume. Moreover Peking knows that it would be a big and risky task to integrate Taiwan with the southeastern provinces; the island has a higher standard of living than the PRC does, its defense forces could cause a lot of damage if they chose to fight, and there are few signs that public opinion in Taiwan is "turning red" in the way Peking has hoped for.

Does that mean the US should leave the Taiwan question on the back burner? To do so would be to miss a promising opportunity.

There are three reasons Washington should take the initiative on Taiwan. The US-PRC tie, given the ambitions of the clumsy but consequential Russian bear, will be a critical tie in the 1980s.

Second the US cannot go on forever pretending that the government in Taipei is the Republic of China. (The US since 1972 has been committed against supporting a policy of "two Chinas" and against an indefinite US military presence in Taiwan, and it has pledged to go further down the path of normalized ties with the People's Republic of China. These pledges all face the stark obstacle that we continue to recognize the Republic of China.)

Third and crucial, it is in US interests to carry through on the Shanghai communiqué while Chairman Mao and Premier Chou En-lai still rule in Peking. Under the hot winds of Russia-China hostility, these two Chinese leaders have already bent on Taiwan. During the 1950s and 1960s, Peking always said there could be no normalization of relations with the US without a settlement of the Taiwan question; yet in 1972 it proved willing to begin the process of normalization with virtually no change in Taiwan and only a limited agreement on the principle of the thing. China always used to say that it would be impossible to have Peking diplomats in Washington since they might bump into diplomats of the Chiang Kai-shek clique; yet in 1973 Peking set up a big office in Washington even though Taipei still has an ambassador there.

This bending by Mao and Chou, together with the fact that there are voices in Peking that speak up for a more conciliatory line toward Moscow, should spur the US to settle the Taiwan issue while Mao and Chou are still there to hold China on an anti-Russian road. In fact there is a chance of a full settlement of the principles involved over Taiwan (as an issue between Washington and Peking) that would leave the situation "on the ground" in Taiwan much as it is now for some time to come. It is not a question of "handing Taiwan over to Peking."

China says full normalization with the US will be achieved when three steps are taken: an end to diplomatic ties between Taipei and Washington; US military withdrawal from Taiwan; abrogation of the 1954 security treaty between the US and Chiang's Republic of China. In other words Peking seeks the de-internationalization of the Taiwan issue and asks that the US not perpetuate the Chinese civil war.

Of these three demands, the treaty is the sticky one. Military withdrawal is a stated goal of the US and it proceeds bit by bit. Since it is clear that the US could keep an "unofficial" office in Taipei even after breaking relations with the Republic of China, this step is

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unlikely to be more momentous for Taiwan than was the similar step taken by Japan in September 1972.

Illusion and error always command a price, and the bizarre nature of the treaty cannot be overlooked. It is a treaty with a government that is not the government of the country that it claims to be. Can anyone deny that it was an error to continue to regard Chiang Kai-shek as the ruler of China for 25 years after he ceased to be so? The treaty exists with a government—the Republic of China—that the US would regard as superseded once it recognized the People's Republic of China, as it intends to do sooner or later. The US, by the way, has already violated Article VII of the treaty (which requires that the disposition of forces in Taiwan be "determined by mutual agreement") when it announced unilaterally, that it was going to wind down its forces on Taiwan.

The treaty is not as important as the reality behind it, which is US concern for the welfare of Taiwan's inhabitants. Defining the government of a given territory as a US ally does not always guarantee a bright future for its people (as Lon Nol and Nguyen Van Thieu could remind us from exile). If the situation on the ground in Taiwan is what is crucial, then the following could occur: the US would recognize the People's Republic of China and thus turn its liaison office in Peking into an embassy and its embassy in Taipei into a kind of liaison office. The US would continue to wind down its Taiwan forces, which are for China, as John K. Fairbank said, "more an insult than a menace," and which are not at all vital for US interests in the region. At the same time, Americans would keep a full range of economic and cultural relationships with various organs in Taiwan. As for the treaty, Peking would take the view that it had ceased to exist. The US would have to accept that it no longer had a treaty with "the Republic of China," but it could make a statement of American intent to defend the region in which Taiwan is located (e.g., "the Seventh Fleet and the area in which it operates"). Such a step need reflect in no way on America's general reliability toward allies, because unlike Japan, Australia or South Korea, *this* ally has for 27 years not been in control of its own territory.

Those who hope for a free and prosperous future in Taiwan, including non-Chinese who can do only a limited amount to ensure it, ought to put some trust in the concrete reality of the viable and flourishing entity that Taiwan currently is. To underline this confidence, President Ford, after he has visited Peking and recognized the People's Republic of China, could visit Taiwan to pay his respects in various circles of Taiwan life and discuss economic and cultural ties.

The *People's Daily* of Peking might blandly report the visit in four lines as that of a friendly foreign leader to an outlying province of China. That would not matter much since the *People's Daily* has some experience in writing about what ought to be rather than what is.

It would be more important that the US TV networks show Mr. Ford and a congressional entourage mingling with the people of Taiwan, who had not dropped into the sea as a result of Washington's recognition that the government of China is these days in Peking. The visit would dramatize the normality of the situation in Taiwan. For ordinary Americans the reality seen on the TV screen would be a pretty good substitute for a treaty. For Peking to look the other way during Ford's visit to Taiwan would be to demonstrate the sincerity of Mao's statement to at least one foreign leader that the solution to the Taiwan problem will be "gradual," and "long term."

The Shanghai Communiqué has been criticized as having "abandoned Taiwan." It must be said that on the level of principle it very nearly does, and that this is inevitable because Taiwan must in the first place be a Chinese rather than an American issue. But the principle is after all yesterday's principle; the reality in Taiwan is today's reality. The US would be giving up not 16 million people but a myth. Just as Taiwan has survived loss of recognition by tens of countries, and the loss of its peace treaty with Japan, it would survive a similar step taken by the US.

To be sure there could be risk in the policy here set out. Political change may be spurred in Taiwan—but then it could be change for the better as well as change for the worse. If Taipei responded to the new facts of life, for instance, by adopting a foreign policy of nonhostility to the PRC, and quiet Burma-style neutralism, this would enhance the possibility of Taiwan's existing for a long time as an individual entity with a social system of its own choosing.

In Peking there could come to power a government that is not, like the present one, intent on a gradual and peaceful solution of the Taiwan question—but this almost turns into an argument for hastening toward a settlement now.

Mr. Reagan may fire potshots at Ford over the issue—but these would come to a sudden stop upon Mr. Ford's renomination next summer (and have not conservatives been urging that the President visit Taiwan?).

In sum let us remember the big issue is the growth of Soviet power; US China ties are an important counter to it; the time to develop them is now, because there will be pressures in China during the 1980s for a thaw with the Soviet Union if China and the US have not begun genuine cooperation by then; and the frozen position over Taiwan ought not be allowed to stand in the way. If it means yielding a shadow and not substance, it is a bargain to put an end now to the Taiwan issue in US-PRC relations; to leave the issue to the Chinese, on both sides of the Taiwan Strait, with a strong expectation that the Strait will not soon turn into a bridge.

In a resolution of support for the present Taiwan government, 109 congressmen declared that the US should "do nothing to compromise the freedom" of the

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US's "ally, the Republic of China, and its people." Well, we have to separate the two aspects: There can be no future for an ally called the Republic of China; but there can be a rich future for our practical ties with Taiwan.

Some say Mr. Ford should not go to Peking and if he goes should make no move at all on Taiwan. Others say Mr. Ford should go only to Taiwan and not budge on the island's future. Maybe he should visit both places and settle the matter and face tomorrow's issues instead of yesterday's.

The Coming of the Pipe

Dissolute Alaska

by Michael Roberts

The second most striking feature of Alaska is the scarcity of people. The first, of course, is size—vast tracts of tundra, mountain and glacier, prehistoric in their grandeur and scale and in the absence of civilization's scars. It is one thing to hear the dimensions of "the Great Land" told or to see its outline superimposed on a map of the Lower 48, with the panhandle on the east stretching to Tallahassee and the Aleutians trickling off to Los Angeles. It is much more impressive to be in an airplane over the Brooks Range or the Chugach, gaping at majestic, lonely landscape for hundreds of miles in every direction; to phone from Anchorage to Juneau in mid-afternoon only to learn that the person you're calling has left the office for the day—because Juneau, distant by half the state's width, is *two time zones* eastward. About 350,000 people inhabit this land mass, fewer than live in Columbus, Ohio. Roughly 20 percent are "natives" (a term that takes in Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians—to ask a white resident if he's an Alaskan native is to invite semantic confusion). Most of them live in small, isolated villages and are only beginning to gain political power. No one can say how many others migrated to the periphery to avoid conventional society. In its ratio of land and resources to people responsible for their destiny, Alaska may be comparable only to some of the Arab nations.

Being neither as remote nor as sovereign, Alaska is uniquely vulnerable to demand for its mineral possessions, as the building of the trans-Alaska pipeline is showing. Regardless of attendant provocations, the state has little to say about the expeditious tapping of the Prudhoe Bay oil fields. "When they're talking about invading, even ever so slightly, the OPEC nations, if *they* are to be recalcitrant in regard," Gov. Jay Hammond said in an interview, "I suspect Alaska isn't going to fend off the federal interest."

Hammond's ideological label, among opponents, is "antidevelopment." He is a bearded, brawny man, the type they cast in seagoing beer commercials ("A man's man . . . former Bristol Bay fisherman," people say by way of description), who ran an environmentalist campaign. The peril he conjured was "malignant growth." We happened to meet in Fairbanks, which may be the worst tumor that has shown up on the body politic since the pipeline project began. There's a Barbary Coast atmosphere, particularly in the few blocks along Second Avenue where downtown activity is centered. Hammond and I had just gotten into his car on Second when a passing streetwalker noticed the official vehicle, ducked her head in the driver's window and chirped, "Is the governor in there?" Hammond waved hello. "Aw, you're not the governor," he was told. "Say . . . you guys look like lawyers." Hammond, grinning evilly, said, "No, we're cops," and watched the hooker disappear.

The quality of life in Fairbanks is not amusing to those who have made it their home. A small-town mentality is continuously affronted. The sign at the city limits still fixes the population at less than 30,000 although the number is already nearly twice that; permanent residents mourn the days when just about anyone encountered on the street was an acquaintance.

Fairbanks is the mid-point of the pipeline route, which begins at Prudhoe Bay on the North slope and ends at the ice-free southern port of Valdez. Coming and going, almost everyone involved in the project passes through Fairbanks, and the visitor begins to learn about "pipeline impact" as soon as he looks for a hotel room. The only one I could find (I was lucky at that) was in a drab hulk whose proudest boast was that it was "fireproof." The narrow, creaky elevator worked

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two days out of three. The lobby furniture was usually occupied by drunks sleeping it off. Room rates began at $38 a day, however, thanks to the needs of contractors with no other place to put up employees.

At the front desk I inquired about laundry service. "Sure," the clerk said. "There's a laundromat at the end of the block." What about sending things out? "It's awfully expensive." How expensive? Pointing to a cluster of hangers behind the desk that seemed to contain three or four pairs of trousers and a like number of shirts, she said, "That just came back, and it was $45."

Still, high prices are the number two story. "Fairbanks Becomes Wild City," the *All-Alaska Weekly* headlined while I was there. "Prostitution up 5000 Percent." Reporters from everywhere have seized on the shocking figures. These are a bit deceptive, since they're based not on the crime itself but on arrests. Fairbanks has a rich whoring tradition dating back to gold rush days, another time when enterprising outsiders were drawn to Alaska. "They were Jewish girls from Brooklyn," an amateur historian told me. They put down roots. They nursed the sick in a smallpox epidemic. Some prospered, branched into banking and real estate. Until very recently prostitution went on with tacit sanction in a line of cabins called "the cribs." A supermarket now occupies the site. "Of course, we called them sporting gals," Lewis Gibson, the assistant police chief, said. "They weren't called prostitutes." The situation is different now because word filtered outside that there were enough Texan and Oklahoman pipeliners (in Alaska they're called "pointy toes" because of their cowboy boots) with $100 bills in their pockets for everyone. Competition was now such that a man couldn't walk a block on Second Avenue after four pm without being asked, "Want to have a party?" And the traffic jams in Fairbanks' few downtown streets were made up partly of the glossy convertibles of pimps who circled constantly, keeping vigilance over their business partners.

Mim Dixon looks out on the scene daily from the storefront office of the Pipeline Impact Information Center, a locally-funded agency that is trying to keep track of the human costs of the project. The center keeps tabs on the divorce rate (up), juvenile arrests (way up), vacant housing (incredibly scarce) and a variety of other subject headings under which fluctuation seems to be related to the coming of the pipe. "There's a real disregard for the human cost," Dixon said. "They're trying to build the pipeline as fast as they can. That means utilizing a lot of labor over a short period of time. If it was structured so that people could work eight-hour jobs, children wouldn't be left unsupervised as much and there wouldn't be as much stress on families. But the way the project is structured there's incredible stress on families and the community, and not many benefits." She quoted the project manager for the oil consortium (Alyeska Pipeline Service Co.) building the line: "He said it's just like building a pipeline anywhere else—that's really a definition of rape."

In Anchorage, 300 miles south of Fairbanks and half that far west of the pipeline route, signs of stress are subtler. One is the scarcity of hotel bellboys; too many big-money jobs elsewhere. Ham and eggs in the coffee shop costs five dollars. Every public facility is overcrowded. As in Fairbanks, drunks weave down the sidewalks at all times of day, but by all accounts that's an Alaskan commonplace predating the oil rush.

With 150,000 people Anchorage is the state's major metropolis, growing quickly back from Cook Inlet toward the natural boundary formed by the Chugach Mountains. The growth is vertical too. This is the financial center of Alaska, and banks, office buildings and hotels are spurting upward in a vigorous, if architecturally nondescript, profusion. The empire builders are here, the visionaries who see this as just the beginning of an exchange of oil, gas and coal for money and population. Among them is Walter Hickel, former governor, former US Secretary of Interior and current proprietor of Hickel Enterprises. He has an office on the inlet from which, on a clear day, he can see the peak of Mt. McKinley 150 miles away. On any day he can also see the Captain Cook, one of his hotels, one of the plushest in town, one that lately has been filled to capacity. Hickel, who was defeated by Hammond in the last Republican gubernatorial primary, told me the Hammond administration was "overly cautious because of a lack of understanding of the problem." He dismissed ecological questions, asking rhetorically, after some unclear references to the need for the environment to be adapted to humans, "After all, if the world didn't have humans, what kind of place would it be to live in?" Like many other pipeline enthusiasts, Hickel endorses the divine theory of resource location. "Those resources are where God put them," he said, adding, "Thank God the oil is where it is. That's the highest and best use for that desolate part of the country. Nobody's ever going to buy a lot in Prudhoe Bay and retire."

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Alyeska does everything within the fertile imaginations of its flacks to keep pipeline reporting on that plane, from churning out reams of copy and diagrams on technological wizardry to escorting newspeople out to the frozen wastes to see what life there is really like. Of course no one in the newsgathering business visits the pipeline unauthorized. Access is granted as part of official Alyeska public relations mission. Travel is by

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Alyeska-chartered aircraft, and Alyeskans subsequently are immovable on the point that, no matter how the writer's conscience troubles him, there is no channel through which the company can be reimbursed. As to credentials, the policy is nondiscriminatory. Nobody so much as asked for proof that *The New Republic*, or any publication for that matter, planned to publish my story; apparently anyone who claims a plausible-sounding connection with some print or broadcast outlet is taken on a visit to whichever camp happens to be on that week's PR itinerary. After my trip some local reporters warned me not to be so naive as to think there aren't "model" camps—where everything tends to run smoothly—at which these excursions usually wind up. By its policies Alyeska exercises a remarkable degree of control over reporting on the project, even while appearing to go out of its way to foster uninhibited, open access to everything that's going on, and seeming to do this not because it has an obligation to the public but out of the goodness of its corporate heart. Thus Alyeska merits praise for cooperation with the media to go with the accolades for its other seeming concessions to the public interest.

On the appointed day I flew north from Fairbanks with what I assumed was a typical group of peers: a Canadian Broadcasting Company director doing advance work for a TV segment on life in a pipeline camp; a freelance photographer; a reporter from *Money* magazine accompanied by a workman who had made so much money while in camp that the magazine's editors were about to tell him, publicly, what to do with it. Even in midsummer the air was nippy at Old Man Camp, the second camp north of the Yukon River and just six miles below the Arctic Circle. Double-teamed all the way by flacks (a flight Alyeskan, from Anchorage, and a resident Old Man Camp Alyeskan), we were brought directly to the dining hall to sample the cozy ambience and abundant pastry. The tour of living quarters suggested a fraternal, *gemütlich* atmosphere, from the game room to the movie theater, to the carpeted dormitory rooms to the kindly lady in the laundry who provides the corps of workers with an endless supply of fresh linens.

Out on the work pad, heroic things were going on. Massive machinery manipulated the long sections of pipe into position, wrapped coils of insulating tape around it and lowered the serpentine, flexing lengths into the ditch that serves as a protective bed. Workmen there had met the press before; they clustered around to find out where the latest group of visitors had come from and name the colleagues that had preceded them. They graciously simulated welding stances for the photographer, who had missed the real thing a few minutes earlier.

There's a gut-stirring power in the roar of the big machines, intensified by the bare, alien surroundings. Along with the flights to and from camp, the experience has a cumulative effect. The journey in an eight-seat Piper is low enough and long enough for some feelings for the vastness to sink in. Past the outskirts of Fairbanks there had been no sign of human habitation—just ridge after ridge of hills and mountains covered with pristine-looking forest, then scrubbier growth and finally infinite plains of tundra, broken only by an occasional stream, with little foliage and no animal life whatever. The only visual evidence that this was not *terra incognita* lay directly underneath the aircraft: the pipeline haul road, the work pad itself a few hundred yards to the side and green sections of unlaid pipe lying end-to-end toward the horizon. Crossing the Yukon River on the return trip to Fairbanks the pilot circled low to provide a close look at work on the first bridge spanning the 1500-mile river that divides Alaska into northern and southern halves. A very symbolic structure, frontierwise—when the road reverts to public use anyone will be able to drive to the Arctic Ocean.

Eight hours of the milieu are guaranteed to leave a reporter with Paul Bunyan imagery swirling in his brain. Why, yes, *it is* a good yarn, this breaching of forbidding wilds. But consciousness-raising outings are only part of the reason most stories filed back to civilization concentrate on the menus and 70-degree amenities in the dormitory at Prudhoe Bay. Nature-conquest tales are a convenient substitute for information that is harder to come by, such as the components of the costs of getting the oil, the oil's destination and the impact it will have on supply and price if and when it turns up at gas pumps in the continental United States.

The stakes are enormous. Alyeska officially acknowledges reserves of about 10 billion barrels of oil (there are plenty of skeptics on this point, some fixing the likely yield at 20 to 30 billion barrels). A conservative accounting: 10 billion barrels at four dollars a barrel (the approximate level of domestic crude when Alaska sold the Prudhoe Bay leases) would have been worth $40 billion. But at $10 a barrel (taking the lowest price the oil is likely to bring when it starts flowing in 1977) the potential gross rises to $100 billion. This pot of gold at the end of the pipeline explains the haste and apparent unconcern with steadily rising costs.

It also provides a frame of reference for what—considered by itself—sounds like a staggering expenditure. The official projected final cost of the project has been holding for a while at $6.38 billion (the oil people insist that's absolutely it; Gov. Hammond says someone from Alyeska told him it would reach $10 billion). The consortium's original estimate was $900 million. Of that amount, $100 million was allocated for the needed 800 miles of steel pipe. Since it was purchased immediately, in 1969, the pipe was responsible for none of the extra expense. So the remaining estimated $800 million has grown to nearly $6.3 billion.

Monumental as it might be, the overruns would have relevance only for oil company accountants if the

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consequences were confined to balance sheets. This is not the case. When it's time to start pumping oil, the companies that comprise Alyeska will go before the Interstate Commerce Commission for hearings to fix a tariff, into which will be figured all the costs of building the line and upon which the wellhead value of the oil will depend. The greater the transportation cost, the lower the wellhead price. This economic principle has serious implications for the state of Alaska, whose compensation is based on a fixed percentage (12.5) of wellhead value. For the oil companies the tariff is immaterial; the oil leases and the pipeline are owned in roughly the same proportions by the same companies (the biggest share, about 50 percent of each, belonging to Sohio, which by 1978 will be more than 50 percent owned by BP—one of the ironies of this "domestic" oil is the portion belonging to the British government, 48 percent owner of BP), which, being completely integrated, can take their profits on paper at any phase of the operation, from wellhead to pipeline to refinery to distributor. Avrum Gross, state attorney general, worries that Alyeska will try to whisk past the ICC every imaginable expense, up to and including fines paid the state for fuel spills on its land. "We'll fight like cats and dogs," Gross said. "They have no right to recover that as a return on investment . . . But you've got to realize that the oil companies have substantially more assets than the state of Alaska. It isn't so much that there isn't the will—it's just difficult for the state to deal with national or international organizations. The oil companies recover in the tariff whatever it costs—one way or another the money comes trickling back. The only place it doesn't trickle back to is the state."

Gross observed that the numbers on Alyeska's scoreboard for the Largest Industrial Project, etc., are taken pretty much at face value. "If this were the government," he said, "you wouldn't hear the end of it." Chancy Croft, president of the State Senate, said, "If government had handled this the way industry has, I think it would have been considered a scandal, certainly cause for a major investigation."

But, despite all its quasi-public aspects and the deference it receives from the federal government, this still is private enterprise, subject to little scrutiny. Investigative reporting has been sporadic at best, owing partly to Alyeska's deft flackery but also to its nonaccountability to the press and to the project's remoteness from the large media centers. National publications covering the pipeline story have generally done it in one-shot efforts like this one (and no one in Alaska bothers to hide contempt for "one-week wonder" journalists, whose watchword, it is said unsmilingly, is "Fly low—I'm writing a book about Alaska"). The Associated Press has one staffer in Juneau and one in Anchorage; United Press International has nobody in the state. Anchorage's big newspaper, the *Daily Times*, is pro-development and practically inert. The feistier *Daily News* is also poorer.

To find a persistent effort to penetrate the surface of the story I had to turn to a Fairbanks tabloid, the *All-Alaska Weekly*, which runs a column called "The Pipeline Watch." The author is Richard Fineberg, a young former political science teacher who also freelances for the Fairbanks *News-Miner* and the Anchorage *Daily News* and was described by many of the people I saw in Alaska as the single most important observer to talk to. It was difficult to do so. Fineberg lives in the woods outside Fairbanks, in a tin-roofed cabin with just a wood-burning stove against the 70-below-zero winters, and gets about mostly on foot. His avocation is helping out at a child-care center, which is the only place where he can be reached by phone. After an early column accusing Alyeska of pressuring pilots to fly in bad weather, Fineberg said, the company offered him a public relations job, and after he refused began trying to discredit him. He was attacked recently by Alyeska's PR office in Fairbanks for "biased, unbalanced reporting." The gist of the complaint was that media outlets in the Lower 48 were getting "twisted" information because the wire services were picking up Fineberg's stories. The specific instance was an oil spill at the Galbraith Lake camp, reported originally by Alyeska at about 100 gallons but turning out to be closer to 100,000.

Through contacts in the camps he has turned up information on a variety of things that officially are not happening. Vacationing pipeline workers I later talked to told me of the same or similar incidents: vehicles routinely driven off the approved right of way without the required written authorization of the state pipeline office; sections of work pad built of frozen gravel collapsing during the summer thaw; other sections discovered to have been laid over ponds during winter despite supposedly painstaking surveys of the route; large shipments of vehicles that had disappeared and remained unaccounted for; special purpose machines (such as those for drilling holes in permafrost for the supports for elevated sections of pipeline) costing as much as $500,000 a copy and yet breaking down almost immediately and being abandoned. Workers have created problems too. Thievery is rampant; even electricians, earning $75,000 a year, have been seen stealing tools and supplies from work sites. (Like prostitution, this is one of the region's institutionalized practices. Oldtimers in Fairbanks recall proudly that an entire house disappeared from the air force base, then Ladd, now Wainwright, back in the 1950s. "A lot of houses are made from base materials," Lewis Gibson, the assistant police chief, said. "It's a way of life you might say.")

Fineberg also has tried to investigate stories that mismanagement and bribery in the administration of sub-contracts have contributed heavily to the difference between $900 million and $6.38 billion. Though

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hindered by the code of *omerta* honored no less by big businessmen than by the Mafia, he obtained a February, 1975 memo from Frank Moolin, Alyeska's project manager in Fairbanks, to his counterpart in Bechtel, Inc, the construction firm hired by Alyeska to coordinate all sub-contracts. Moolin cited the practice of major contractors submitting invoices "many months after the fact (if at all) and when they do submit them they are incomplete, inaccurate or not even cost-coded . . . You will recall the debacle we had at the end of 1974 when we were faced with several hundred million dollars of uncoded invoices . . ." A few months later, Bechtel's participation was sharply curtailed, after what was announced as a mutual decision.

When I interviewed Charles Elder, executive vice president of Alyeska, he attributed the rise in costs to oversights and unforseeable circumstances. "I really wish (the $900 million estimate) would go away," he began. "It was never a very realistic estimate." He said more factors were involved than was known at first: costs of feeding and housing laborers in the style they demanded "jarred our eye teeth"; building camps turned out to be a surprisingly costly proposition; inflation raised prices of materials; earthquake and soil-integrity precautions were necessary (as much to protect Alyeska from a break in its pipe as to preserve the ecology); tanks at the Valdez terminal had to be specially designed and a ballast water treatment plant built. As for the Bechtel situation, Elder hewed to the official line that there had been a duplication of authority and that the project had reached a stage where Bechtel's main function had been accomplished. "I wouldn't say we were 'displeased,'" he insisted. "And 'mismanagement' would be an improper term to use."

Alyeska's attitude toward internal affairs being what it is, the pursuit of such secrets is bound to be unrewarding. Alyeskans are more eager to discuss the burgeoning prospects for the industry in Alaska, the eventual likelihood of a loop (a second pipe along the route of the original line using the same pump stations) and the beginnings of partnerships that could very well make necessary a profusion of pipelines over the years.

These partnerships are the outgrowth of the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, which smoothed acknowledgment of the state's right to grant leases and permit the pipeline by allotting the natives land and money to be administered by 12 regional corporations. In the process of trying to fulfill the profit-maximizing obligations imposed by the act, many corporations have entered into—what else?—oil exploration contracts. The apparent contradiction between the natives' philosophical opposition to exploitation of the land and the practical decision to turn resources into money is explained by a visit to Barrow, the largest Eskimo village in Alaska (pop. 2600), located about 180 miles west of Prudhoe Bay on the northernmost point of land in the United States.

Barrow is plugged as a must for unsuspecting tourists. The daily flight from Anchorage and Fairbanks almost always includes some tour group, encouraged by the Wien Air Alaska brochures to think they're on their way to some sort of Walt Disney Eskimoland. I accompanied a middle-aged, middle-class bunch from Orlando, Florida, who were giddy in anticipation of the Eskimo dances, the blanket toss, the dog sled demonstrations. On their way back to Western civilization that night, the same people looked numb.

"I guess the only thing they get out of it is that when they go back where they came from they're grateful for what they've got," Jim Milne, a nonnative teacher in Barrow who has seen many tourists come and go, told me. What Wien's customers find is an airport where a one-room wooden shack serves as the terminal and where baggage is delivered to the parking lot. They board a bus to ride through unpaved streets littered with rubble, past ramshackle, decaying little dwellings that have no running water or sewage facilities. Yards are filled with every kind of refuse imaginable. In Barrow there are neither laundry nor bathing facilities. There is one store, no library, no theater or other recreational facility. Duncan Pride, who wrote about Canadian Eskimos in a book called *Numaga* and who works with Milne in a post-secondary project called Inupiat University, said the only village he'd seen where conditions were as appalling was evacuated by an embarrassed Canadian government.

What the residents of places like Barrow have learned from years of neglect by government is that prosperity will come only from their own initiative. The realization is part of what for many natives is an excruciating cultural upheaval. Brenda Itta, who at 31 became the first woman native elected to the state legislature, showed me around Barrow and talked of the ancient, communal, subsistence way of life. "Our people are known for their warmth and concern for each other, for sharing the hunt with the widows," she said. "Our society is one that's been really beautiful . . . We value the land more than money and material things."

And yet, in the confrontation between this isolated, nonmaterial culture and the most rapacious capitalist force on earth the outcome is preordained. If you can't beat oil, join it—and you surely can't beat it. Everyone in Alaska can see what's coming; the consensus is that a cycle of oil and gas pipelining is in its infancy. There are two ways of viewing the prospect: "The history not only of the oil industry but particularly of Alaska," Chancy Croft said, "has been that there's a boom because of some particular resource and then it's abandoned. It's hard to imagine 30 years from now abandoned buildings in Anchorage. You can't conjure it up." Walter Hickel, envisioning a different Anchorage, brimming with confidence about a future assured by the three or four projects comparable to Alyeska's that he predicts for the next decade, offered this parting shot: "The next pipeline won't be that bad."

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Secret Places, Private Parts

Every Man for Himself and God Against All (Cinema V). Once a fine artist has done a work on a historical figure, anyone who takes the same subject is doing more than just another work, he cannot avoid implying, "I have something to add" or "I can do it better." Many successful later uses of subjects occur in the graphic arts (look at all the equally great Madonnas): fewer in writing. Even Dryden couldn't top *Antony and Cleopatra*. Five years ago we got *Kaspar*, a brilliant play on the theme of Kaspar Hauser by the young Austrian Peter Handke (*TNR*, Feb. 28, '70) which has quickly been established as one of the major theater works of the postwar era. When the young German film director Werner Herzog chose the same story, he was quite pointedly asking for comparison. His film, shown recently at the New York Film Festival, certainly has interest and beauty, but it is far below Handke.

The story, which was also used once by Jakob Wassermann in a novel, is about a youth of 16 or so who was found in the streets of Nuremberg in 1828, unknown to anyone, virtually unable to speak. Taught language and given a name, he told of having spent his entire life in dark imprisonment. He wrote an autobiography, was adopted by an English lord, and five years after his appearance, died of a knife-wound, possibly self-inflicted. Those are the encyclopedia facts.

To Handke this story served as a metaphor with at least two aspects: an existential voyage into the world by someone mature enough to observe what is happening to him; a voyage into language (clearly inspired by Wittgenstein) discovering both its powers for ordering and extending life and for its reductive effects, its inadequacies and barriers.

Herzog, naturally, intends something else. His film is about an innocent released from darkness into a sunny world in which there is much non-innocence. (The lovely color photography by Jörg Schmidt-Reitwein is like German Romantic painting, like the music of Weber made visible.) Kaspar is a figure apart from even the humane and generous because he is asynchronous, vulnerable, naive. He is taken into the home of a farmer where he learns how to eat food other than the bread that is all he has had. Then he is adopted by a kindly old doctor in whose large house he learns much more, including the piano. Through it all the pathos of Kaspar's inner struggle against inner mysteries is very well portrayed by an actor named Bruno S. (In a brief talk before the film at the festival Herzog said that the man was not an actor and wanted his name used that way. He is the son of a prostitute who has spent much of his life in prisons; when Herzog found him, he was breaking into automobiles at night, not to steal them but to sleep in them. The director's chief achievement is in the confidence he evoked in Bruno S. and the tacit self-disclosures that followed on screen.) Bruno S. has a hoarse German proletarian voice, much like that of Fritz Gnass, the burglar in *M*; that voice and his coarse open features help the sense of the outsider, help the pathos of his struggle to *join*.

For a brief while he is the protégé of a rich homosexual English lord, who is disappointed in his ungenteel behavior. Kaspar returns to the doctor's house. Soon he dies of the knife wound.

As I've told it, this story could make a provocative ambiguous film, about a taciturn burly young angel sent to disturb assurances and test faith. Herzog's direction is not free of the hallmarks of contemporary German filmmaking, an estheticism, a slow pace, an arrogance toward dramatic concept that almost make an imaginary soundtrack accompanying the picture saying: "You can *see* that this film was made by an intellectual, can't you?" Still Herzog has the talent to distill the essence of his sequences in a slightly oblique way that makes them arresting: he can see and edit with an intelligence that is only occasionally self-indulgent.

But he has spoiled his own film. The synopsis I gave is incomplete. The script, by Herzog, begins in Kaspar's prison. A hulking older man feeds the youth in a castle dungeon, then releases him, takes him outside and teaches him to walk. Much later, after Kaspar is well established in the doctor's house, we see the same man surprise Kaspar when he is sitting in an outhouse and cruelly beat him with a club. Some days later when Kaspar comes running mutely to the doctor with the fatal knife wound in his chest, we must assume that it was his former jailer who stabbed him.

The added material diverts the story. This film is not The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser, the youth who floated inexplicably into and out of the world. It's the Mystery of the Ambivalent Jailer. What we want to know now is: Who was that man? Why did he imprison Kaspar? Why did he release him and teach him how to fare in the world? And having done that, why did he come back and beat him, then murder him? These are very much more prosaic questions than the ones about Kaspar as person and as metaphor. All we are left with now is an unsolved mystery in the police-blotter sense.

Plus one more question. Why, so soon after Handke, did Herzog choose this subject? His film, despite some loveliness, doesn't give the answer.

Exhibition (Daniel Bourla). A few weeks ago I added a treasure to my album of memories. I was sitting in Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center in the midst of a smart film-festival audience, and what was this packed house watching? A wide-screen closeup of a woman performing fellatio. (Other sexual niceties preceded and followed.) It was far from the first time I had seen the act on screen, but there I was (I suddenly

Films Worth Seeing

Coonskin. Bitter and bawdy but with some brilliance in the mix of cartoon and live action. Vicious vaudeville of New York race and crime troubles.

Dog Day Afternoon. Factual, fantastic, finally somewhat fuzzy. Al Pacino good as homosexual bank robber. Sidney Lumet's direction fixes the drab drama.

Rooster Cogburn. Hokum in the old West, made pleasant by the reveling in it of John Wayne and Katharine Hepburn.

Swept Away. Rich Italian beauty and poor sailor cast away on island. Fine sexy fun while they're alone, messed up back on the mainland.

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realized) seeing it in the midst of a culture-conscious audience in august surroundings, with the woman herself in evening dress sitting in a box up at the side with the director of the film behind her. After the picture a spotlight shone on her and, with sweet graciousness, she rose and accepted the applause. *Can* satire keep up with life? Lenny Bruce, thou shouldst have been living at that hour.

Her name is Claudine Beccarie, and she is said to be the leading French performer in what France chooses to call erotic films. (Publicly exhibited pornography is much more recent there than here, and if this film is a sample, their pornographic films are less skillful than our best.) A director named Jean-Francois Davy made this film, *Exhibition*, ostensibly to show something of the background, character and daily work of a porno star. There are some interviews with her, in her apartment and elsewhere, but the most interesting talk is with her mother who seems to take a hard, realistic, lower-middle-class satisfaction in her daughter's success. And there's just a hint in her manner of the commonalty of women who understand that they must use whatever means they can in a society dominated by men.

Beccarie herself is less interesting and not especially attractive. Her own interviews are mostly banal or silly. For example, she tells of her term of service in a Spanish brothel and how she hated it. Why? The only reason she gives is that some of the customers were old men. But Davy's questions and direction are equally banal. The degree of his (dare I say it?) penetration is so slight, the revelations are so trivial, and Beccarie herself so dull that one can't shake off a suspicion of what Davy's real achievement has been: he found a way to kosherize porno for festival showings and general release.

B.H. Haggin on Music

Arturo Toscanini

The greatness of Toscanini was, 25 years ago, an immediate reality for music-lovers who heard the performances he was still conducting; and these people were unaffected by what even as authoritative a figure as Virgil Thomson said was wrong in the performances, since they couldn't hear the defects he described in what they listened to. (My own conclusion was that Thomson's writing about Toscanini was an example of the idea-spinning he did much of the time about things he made up in his head.) But for many people today Toscanini's greatness is only a legend; and reading the dispraise of his performances in what is being written about him they may wonder if his legendary greatness represented reality or only high-powered publicity. I write to assure these people that the legendary greatness represented the reality I experienced during the many years that I listened to his performances. Moreover to my testimony of an outsider I add that of some of the insiders for whom the reality was more immediate—the musicians with whom he produced the performances—who recall having been moved, awed, inspired to exceed their capacities by the powers, and the manner in which the powers were employed, that were unique in their experience. And to the recollections of these musicians in American orchestras I add the statement of a member of the Vienna Philharmonic—that after its years with Weingartner, Richard Strauss, Bruno Walter, Furtwängler, Klemperer, "the orchestra, with Toscanini, realized that this was the climax of every musician's experience."

Toscanini's career began long before our era of high-powered publicity, in the years when a musician's reputation was made by what the people who heard him said about him or wrote in their newspaper reviews. His reputation began in 1886 with what his fellow-musicians reported, after they returned to Italy, about the performance of *Aida* in Rio de Janeiro that Toscanini, a 19-year-old cellist in the orchestra, had conducted when the audience's booing compelled the scheduled conductor to withdraw. Continuing reports of this kind brought him positions in Italy, and in 1908 his engagement by the Metropolitan Opera, where he conducted performances of opera which music-lovers talked about as being unlike any they had ever heard. In addition, having performed the symphonic literature since 1896, he conducted a performance of Beethoven's Ninth with the Metropolitan's orchestra, chorus and soloists, about which the critic of *The Times*, Richard Aldrich, who had heard this literature performed by great German conductors like Nikisch, Muck and Mahler, wrote that Toscanini "revealed in the fullest measure the qualities of the great symphonic conductor." And when he left the Metropolitan in 1915 music-lovers continued to recall and talk about his performances—which meant that he was, in this country after 1915, already a figure of legendary greatness, who demonstrated the reality of that greatness when he returned in 1919 for a tour with the newly assembled orchestra of La Scala, and more overwhelmingly in 1926 when he began to conduct the superior New York Philharmonic.

A great performer, I said recently, is one who combines mastery in the manipulation of his instrument with mastery in his dealing with music; and the Toscanini operation was never described better than in W.J. Turner's statement, after hearing the Philharmonic with Toscanini in London in 1930: "No conductor I have heard has succeeded in achieving such virtuosity and in keeping it always subservient to a purely musical intention." The virtuosity Turner referred to overwhelmed the audience in Carnegie Hall at his first concert with the Philharmonic in January 1926, and on that occasion presented what one had to consider a miracle. For in the few days since Mengelberg's final concert of that season, at which the orchestra had sounded like a well-drilled group of highly competent players, Toscanini had transformed it into a virtuoso instrument with which he produced the breath-taking precision of ensemble execution, the ear-ravishing tonal radiance, the sharply defined melodic contours, the transparent textures that were as distinctive and unique as the tonal sumptuousness and splendor Stokowski produced with his Philadelphia Orchestra, the refinement and subtlety of orchestral sonority that Koussevitzky produced in Boston.

What the virtuosity achieved—the transparent textures, for example—represented musical intention. Replying to a question a few years ago, an NBC

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Symphony musician said one of the great characteristics of Toscanini's performances was the clarity that made the dense-textured writing of *Die Götterdämmerung* as transparent as a string quartet, and the other was the shape that exhibited his sense for the proportions of a work. And a Philharmonic musician described how the distinctive Toscanini clarity was achieved by his fantastic ear in balancing the orchestra: "First all the winds in right relationship—the leading voice a little louder, the third horn a little softer, the second bassoon a little more, and so on. Then the strings. Then together—and so you had the whole in perfect balance." As for the shape, I can amplify the NBC musician's statement with what I learned in my years of listening. Music as performed is a continuum of sound moving in time, and, as such, a plastic medium shaped by changes in tempo and volume. And what was distinctive in a Toscanini performance was the operation of an unerring plastic sense in the shaping, which kept every modification of tempo and volume—in the inflection of a melodic phrase, the molding of a tonal mass—in right proportion to what it modified, and thus imparted a plastic continuity and coherence and a clarifying perfection of proportion to the shape emerging in time (as against the distortion of shape by Stokowski and Koussevitzky, Mengelberg and Furtwängler). It was this clarifying of texture and shape that caused a Toscanini performance of a familiar work to have the effect of revelation—to seem literally to reveal its structure and expressive meaning for the first time. "The effect with the Beethoven Seventh, which every one of us knew in his sleep," said the Vienna Philharmonic musician, "and with the Brahms and the Mozart, was that they were *as newly created for us.*"

The shape, moreover, was the one Toscanini derived from the composer's score, which directed in what tempo and with what modifications of tempo and volume the printed notes were to be played. And his rigorous adherence to the composer's directions has been misrepresented—most recently by a critic as good as David Cairns and a musician as bad as Daniel Barenboim. Toscanini's credo as a performer was that he was the servant of the composer, with the duty to produce in actual sound the shape in imagined sound that the composer had conceived in his mind; and this imagined shape could be apprehended only from the composer's directions in the score, and produced only by obeying them. It was true, then, as Barenboim expressed it, that "if it said *piano*, he played *piano*. If it said *crescendo*, he played *crescendo*." But it was not true, as Barenboim and Cairns have alleged, that he did nothing more. His understanding that there was a great deal the performing musician had to do in addition to what the composer's score directed was evident in his statement once about how boring Mozart could be unless the conductor knew what to do between the *piano* specified at one point in the score and the *forte* specified eight bars later; and his own knowledge of what to do between them is evident in the profusion of enlivening inflection that he wrote in between the *pianos* and the *fortes* in his score of Mozart's Divertimento K.287, and that one hears in his recorded performance of the piece.

With the other great orchestras Toscanini conducted in guest engagements—the Vienna Philharmonic, the BBC Symphony, the Philadelphia—he produced performances which were marvelous examples of his style of virtuoso orchestral execution in the service of his way of dealing with music, but which did not attain the incandescence of his performances with the New York Philharmonic. As for the NBC Symphony, which he began to conduct in 1937—and which Szell described contemptuously as "not an orchestra in the sense of an integrated organism" but only a "collection of virtuoso players"—after a lifetime of conducting orchestras made up predominantly of experienced middle-aged players Toscanini found himself conducting an orchestra made up largely of young players—notably the young string virtuosos who had left the concert stage and positions in string quartets to play under him. Their talent, their youthful vitality and warm response to greatness, not deadened by years of routine orchestral playing—these were something new that delighted and stimulated him; the players in turn were excited by his unique powers and dedication; and the mutual stimulation produced playing that was breathtaking not only in its precision and brilliance but in its extraordinary energy and fire. And by 1950, the year of its transcontinental tour with him, the orchestra had become an "integrated organism" with which, in the performance of Debussy's *La Mer* at the final concert in Philadelphia, he attained an incandescence that could have led one to believe he was performing the work with the New York Philharmonic.

By 1950 Toscanini also had changed. From about 1944 his performances began to exhibit a change from the expansive style which until then had articulated and shaped structure with much flexibility of tempo and inflected phrase with much sharply outlined detail, to the simplified style of his last 10 years which employed only slight modification of tempo and subtle inflection of phrase. The later performances were swifter and tauter, but not, as they are alleged to have been, excessively fast and rigid: they had the plasticity and grace which no phrase conducted by Toscanini was without. And they continued to be great performances: one couldn't imagine anything greater than the 1951 Verdi *Requiem*, the 1952 Beethoven *Missa Solemnis*, the 1953 Schubert Ninth, Beethoven *Eroica*, Berlioz *Harold in Italy*, Strauss *Don Quixote*. But if one knew the performances of these works in the 30s and early 40s one knew that they had been made even more impressively effective by their more expansive shaping and more detailed inflection of phrase.

Unfortunately for the music-lovers of today who can hear Toscanini's performances only on records, he recorded a comparatively small number of his earlier ones with the New York Philharmonic, the BBC Symphony and the NBC Symphony in its first years; and not only the original 78-rpm shellac records with these performances but most of the LP transfers of varying quality are no longer being produced by the record companies that talked about perserving his art for posterity. There are record collections in libraries and universities which may have them; and anyone who is able to listen to the original 78-rpm records will hear an accurate reproduction of the incandescent 1936 Philharmonic performances of the Brahms-Haydn Variations, the Rossini Overtures to *Semiramide* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*, the Beethoven Seventh, Wagner's *Siegfried-Idyll*, Prelude to *Lohengrin* and *Rhine Journey* from *Die Götterdämmerung*. He will hear also that the incandescence of the Philharmonic performances of the Rossini overtures is not achieved in the superb BBC Symphony performance of the Overture to *La Scala di Seta;* and that the Philharmonic performance of those overtures and the Brahms-Haydn Variations are superior to the later ones with the NBC Symphony. Instead of the poor transfers of the Philharmonic Beethoven Seventh and the BBC performances on American

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Victrola and Seraphim records I recommend the excellent English transfers of the BBC Beethoven First and Fourth that I heard on imported World Record Club SH-134; and I would expect the BBC Beethoven *Pastoral* on SH-112 to be equally good.

As for the many later performances with the NBC Symphony that are available, some not well reproduced, RCA in England and Germany have been issuing their newly remastered versions on a series of Victrola records titled *Toscanini Edition*; and the few I have heard have offered reproduced sound amazingly superior to that of the American Victrolas. They are, therefore, the ones to acquire even though they cost more than the American versions (the English Victrolas available at the Discount Record Shop in Washington cost less than the German ones at the Bremen House in New York; but a reliable report on the sound from the recently issued English Victrola AT119, 127, 128, 129, 131 and 132 leads me to advise acquiring the German versions.) And they include performances not available on the American Victrolas: the Berlioz *Harold in Italy*, Act Two of Gluck's *Orfeo*, the 1929 Philharmonic Haydn No. 101 and 1938 NBC Haydn No. 88—with the Mozart Divertimento K.287, the Haydn No. 99, the Strauss *Don Quixote*, 1953 Schubert Ninth and the 1936 New York Philharmonic Beethoven Seventh announced for next year (the 1941 Schubert Ninth [Philadelphia Orchestra] is already available.

The Poems of Gary Snyder

This is our first of a number of presentations of poets and essays on poet. The following peoms by Gary Snyder are taken from Turtle Island *© 1974 by Gary Snyder,* The Back Country, *© 1968 by Gary Snyder and "Song of the Cloud," first published in* Poetry, *from* Regarding Wave *© 1970 by Gary Snyder. All poems are reprinted by permission of New Direction Publishing Corporation.*

Burning the Small Dead

Burning the small dead
branches
broke from beneath
thick spreading
whitebark pine.

a hundred summers
snowmelt rock and air

hiss in a twisted bough.

sierra granite;
mt. Ritter—
black rock twice as old.

Deneb, Altair

windy fire.

Marin-An

sun breaks over the eucalyptus
grove below the wet pasture,
water's about hot,
I sit in the open window
& roll a smoke.

distant dogs bark, a pair of
cawing crows; the twang
of a pygmy nuthatch high in a pine—
from behind the cypress windrow
the mare moves up, grazing.

a soft continuous roar
comes out of the far valley
of the six-lane highway—thousands
and thousands of cars
driving men to work.

What Do They Say?

The glimpse of a once-loved face
gone into a train.
Lost in a new town, no one knows the name.
lone man sitting in the park
Chanced on by a friend
of thirty years before,
what do they say.
Play chess with bottle caps.
"for sale" sign standing in the field:
dearest, dearest,
Soot on the sill,
a garden full of weeds

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The Dead By the Side of the Road

How did a great Red-tailed Hawk
come to lie—all stiff and dry--
on the shoulder of
Interstate 5?

Her wings for dance fans

Zac skinned a skunk with a crushed head
washed the pelt in gas; it hangs,
tanned, in his tent

Fawn stew on Hallowe'en
hit by a truck on highway forty-nine
offer cornmeal by the mouth;
skin it out.

Log trucks run on fossil fuel

I never saw a Ringtail til I found one in the road:
case-skinned it with the toenails
footpads, nose, and whiskers on;
it soaks in salt and water
sulphuric acid pickle;

she will be a pouch for magic tools.

The Doe was apparently shot
lengthwise and through the side—
shoulder and out the flank
belly full of blood

Can save the other shoulder maybe,
if she didn't lie too long—
Pray to their spirits. Ask them to bless us:
our ancient sisters' trails
the roads were laid across and kill them:
night-shining eyes

The dead by the side of the road.

Anasazi

Anasazi,
Anasazi,

tucked up in clefts in the cliffs
growing strict fields of corn and beans
sinking deeper and deeper in earth
up to your hips in Gods
your head all turned to eagle-down
& lightning for knees and elbows
your eyes full of pollen

the smell of bats.
the flavor of sandstone
grit on the tongue.

women
birthing
at the foot of ladders in the dark.

trickling streams in hidden canyons
under the cold rolling desert

corn-basket wide-eyed
red baby
rock lip home,

Anasazi

Song of the Cloud

Sloped-down shark nose,
high frilly tail—dorsal fins—
flat sweeping gestures. Ah, puked out.
sweep the sea. broom
my rear is soft—

Three, and their retinue,
move up between
slender, with dignity,
WE
pile up, pile up, our deep-mounting
pleasure in our richness
is not chaos.

scatterings and plains, placings.

Brothers moving elsewhere
visible and tall,
but far away.

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The Bath

Washing Kai in the sauna,
The kerosene lantern set on a box
outside the ground-level window,
Lights up the edge of the iron stove and the
washtub down on the slab
Steaming air and crackle of waterdrops
brushed by on the pile of rocks on top
He stands in warm water
Soap all over the smooth of his thigh and stomach
"Gary don't soap my hair!"
—his eye-sting fear—
the soapy hand feeling
through and around the globes and curves of his body
up in the crotch,
And washing-tickling out the scrotum, little anus,
his penis curving up and getting hard
as I pull back skin and try to wash it
Laughing and jumping, flinging arms around,
I squat all naked too,
is this our body?

Sweating and panting in the stove-steam hot-stone
cedar-planking wooden bucket water-splashing
kerosene lantern-flicker wind-in-the-pines-out
sierra forest ridges night—
Masa comes in, letting fresh cool air
sweep down from the door
a deep sweet breath
And she tips him over gripping neatly, one knee down
her hair falling hiding one whole side of
shoulder, breast, and belly,
Washes deftly Kai's head-hair
as he gets mad and yells—
The body of my lady, the winding valley spine,
the space between the thighs I reach through,
cup her curving vulva arch and hold it from behind,
a soapy tickle a hand of grail
The gates of Awe
That open back a turning double-mirror world of
wombs in wombs, in rings,
that start in music,
is this our body?

The hidden place of seed
The veins net flow across the ribs, that gathers
milk and peaks up in a nipple—fits
our mouth—
The sucking milk from this our body sends through
jolts of light; the son, the father,
sharing mother's joy
That brings a softness to the flower of the awesome
open curling lotus gate I cup and kiss
As Kai laughs at his mother's breast he now is weaned
from, we
wash each other,
this our body

Kai's little scrotum up close to his groin,
the seed still tucked away, that moved from us to him
In flows that lifted with the same joys forces
as his nursing Masa later,
Playing with her breast
Or me within her,
Or him emerging.
this is our body:

Clean, and rinsed, and sweating more, we stretch
out on the redwood benches hearts all beating
Quiet to the simmer of the stove,
the scent of cedar
And then turn over,
murmuring gossip of the grasses,
talking firewood,
Wondering how Gen's napping, how to bring him in
soon wash him too—
These boys who love their mother
who loves men, who passes on
her sons to other women;

The cloud across the sky. The windy pines.
the trickle gurgle in the swampy meadow

this is our body.

Fire inside and boiling water on the stove
We sigh and slide ourselves down from the benches
wrap the babies, step outside,

black night & all the stars.

Pour cold water on the back and thighs
Go in the house—stand steaming by the center fire
Kai scampers on the sheepskin
Gen standing hanging on and shouting,

"Bao! bao! bao! bao! bao!"

This is our body. Drawn up crosslegged by the flames
drinking icy water
hugging babies, kissing bellies,

Laughing on the Great Earth

Come out from the bath.

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Prayer for the Great Family

Gratitude to Mother Earth, sailing through night and day—
and to her soil: rich, rare, and sweet
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to Plants, the sun-facing light-changing leaf
and fine root-hairs; standing still through wind
and rain; their dance is in the flowing spiral grain
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to Air, bearing the soaring Swift and the silent
Owl at dawn. Breath of our song
clear spirit breeze
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to Wild Beings, our brothers, teaching secrets,
freedoms, and ways; who share with us their milk;
self-complete, brave, and aware
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to Water: clouds, lakes, rivers, glaciers;
holding or releasing; streaming through all
our bodies salty seas
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to the Sun: blinding pulsing light through
trunks of trees, through mists, warming caves where
bears and snakes sleep—he who wakes us—
in our minds so be it.

Gratitude to the Great Sky
who holds billions of stars—and goes yet beyond that—
beyond all powers, and thoughts
and yet is within us—
Grandfather Space.
The Mind is his Wife.

so be it.

after a Mohawk prayer

Gary Snyder: An Appreciation

Gary Snyder has long seemed to me special among the poets younger than Robert Lowell's generation, for two reasons: because he is an inheritor of the Poundian clarity, the sharp-edged seeing and thinking in which the whole mind seems to quicken; and because he conceives of his task as a poet so widely, as an inclusive meditation—political, psychological, religious—on the human situation. Or rather, in Snyder's case, not the human situation, but humanity as part of the larger, interlinking situation, inward and outward, which we call "nature." Snyder was imaginatively aware, long before the general public or most other poets, of the disasters which are likely to ensue in the next hundred years from increasing populations increasingly dependent on fossil fuel technology. In the face of this, Snyder presents himself as spokesman for a "Great Subculture" which, throughout history, has periodically reinvested the small community, based on a close bond with the environment and directly affectionate bonds between the members, as an alternative to the efficient order of the State. Snyder has devoted much of his life to the study of this Subculture, as he finds it in American Indians, in the communal Christian heresies in Tantrism and Zen Buddhism. But he also finds it in us; not only in those who are already commune-dwellers, but in all of those who—as "nomadic engineers and scholars . . . scoring in rich foundation territory"—unconsciously perceive ourselves, in relation to society, as "again, hunters and gatherers" (*Earth House Hold*). Snyder would have us go farther in this direction, gathering back into the self, and into more limited communal contexts, the sense of psychic sufficiency we have learned to need to buttress with possessions, with constant social excitement, with the civilized illusion of omnipotence. In his latest book, *Turtle Island*, Snyder mingles a somewhat Thoreauvian poetic treatment of the psychic value of simplification (Snyder and his family live in relative isolation in the California Sierras), with direct social advocacy in prose.

I am no expert on such matters, but of the recent sweeping proposals for worldwide economic/ecological reform that I am acquainted with, Snyder's seem to me the sanest and the least dictatorial. Unfortunately, precisely because Snyder is not dictatorial, it is hard to see how some of his central proposals—the control of population, and the control of needless "progress" in consumer goods—would become generally effective. It is a dark saying, but in some ways I have more hope for Snyder as a source for a sense of cultural continuity and human worth after the world has been changed against its will, than as a voice persuasive enough to prevent disaster.

Snyder has spent several years as a novice in a Zen monastery in Japan, and his own sense of the possibility of self-affirmation in cataclysmic times undoubtedly rests on his training in a system which suggests that the world has been destroyed and created time and again, but that the One is, in potential, completely present in all creatures at all moments. In the 1960s, Snyder showed little enthusiasm for Marxist revolution, but he obliquely answered the academic liberals who turned conservative in the supposed interests of culture, by saying, "The traditional cultures are in any case doomed, and rather than cling to their good aspects hopelessly it should be remembered that whatever is or ever was in any other culture can be reconstructed from the unconscious through

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meditation" *(Earth House Hold)*. In the 1970s, when the violent change in the air seems more economic than political, Snyder has changed little; his poem "The Dead by the Side of the Road," in which he answers the useless killing of animals by machines by making ingenious use of the bodies, as if he had killed them himself, shows the same combination of creative joy and fatalism, the attachment-and-detachment of the religious man.

My appreciation of Snyder as a poet began with his short poems about working in the Western "back country," in the book of that title. Brisk and elliptical, preferring nouns and participles to adjectives and connectives, they are poems that almost perfectly fulfill the ideal of economy Pound formulated for the Imagists. Their objectivity is in some ways deceptive, however; like the Zen koan, they deal in paradoxes, and invoke states of unusual calmness, inwardness and clarity. "Burning the Small Dead"—which deals with one of Snyder's duties as a high-altitude forest-ranger—is a good example. An unsettling wideness of reference is first conveyed by the uncompleted title, which is most likely to suggest the cremation of human or animal bodies. The hint here is confirmed as the poem broadens its focus, in time and space, from the burning branches, through their history, to the mountains under them (themselves volcanic, creations of fire); then to the stars of which planets are made; all the levels coalescing in the final image of "windy fire," so that the last completion of the title could easily be "Burning the small dead/stars." The poem works like a koan in that it awes us with size in order to disabuse us of the reality of size, except as a mental category; and in that it then reduces the universe to one infinitely metamorphic substance/process—as Heraclitus did in Western tradition.

If a poet is intrinsically a poet, and not simply a writer using lines and stanzas, one is likely to feel that one knows him best through certain minute ways in which sound repeatedly joins with meaning—what Eliot called the "aural imagination." With Snyder, what impresses me in this way is the unexpected persistence of rhyming—but a syncopated rhyming, off-rhyme (particularly with consonant changes, so that "stone"/"clams"/"time"/"doorframe" is not an unusual sequence) or the odder habit of rhyming the ends and beginnings of nearby lines. "Burning the Small Dead" is not especially rich in these effects, but the habituated ear will pick up the binding force of the "air"/"Sierra"/"Ritter"/"Altair"/"fire" sequence. A clearer instance comes, with the airiness of a children's round, at the end

of "Fire in the Hole," after the dynamiting: "strolled back to see: /hands and arms and shoulders/ free."

In contemplating this selection of poems, I felt it was important to emphasize how often Snyder is a poet of waste, separation and grief; important, since he is occasionally turned into the kind of too invariably reassuring guru we Americans are prone to invent for ourselves. I was thinking not only of Snyder's famous but, by his own declaration, atypical "This Tokyo," in which "freedom is a void," and all consolations from Dante to the "candy heaven of the poor" are reduced to egotism, "the comfort of the US for its own"; but of the poem about "the full warm brilliance of the human mind" in the eyes of the children of Arunachala, who "die or sicken in a year" while religious ascetics live for centuries nearby; the poem about failing to recognize the photograph of an old girlfriend, though responding to the expression, "tender,/ Calm, surprised"; or

The glimpse of a once-loved face
gone into a train.
Lost in a new town, no one knows
the name.

In hearing this poem, one realizes that another dimension of Snyder's quick connections, his skewed, syncopated rhyming, is a grieving over transience. Even the round-rhyme of beginnings and endings can express a devastating unanswerableness: "what do they say. /Play chess with bottle caps." The sense of pointless persistences and repetitions, of wasted feelings—though often put in the mouths of accusing female personae, the anima as a destroying Kali—is a crucial aspect of Snyder's imagination; it is the "absolute zero" at which only the "fossil love" of his deepest monistic experience still manages to burn.

If Snyder's love poems often have these haunted elements, his poems of sexuality are remarkably exuberant and at ease—their hedonism undistorted by shame, boastfulness or cruelty. I have chosen to represent this side of Snyder by "The Bath," which, though not exactly typical, seems to me the one contemporary poem which adds new territories of feeling to the tradition of humanist sexual prophecy (that is, prophecy about sex as a discovery or affirmation of a greater human identity) inherited from Blake, Whitman and Lawrence. Snyder's criticism of Christian (or, more generally, Western) thought has always been that it makes too much of the fate of the universe depend on human, and especially neurotic sexual guilt and compensation ("low-order Tantric phenomena"). In "The Bath," Snyder goes to what Freud considered the root of the prob-

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lem, individually and historically—the incest taboo and the family romance. As he observes himself, his wife and his son reacting to each other's bodies in the sauna, Snyder seems—in the words of his Zen teacher—to "become one with the knot itself, til it dissolves away." His discovery, one might say, is that to regard incestuous feelings as either a horror in themselves, or an interference with later relationships, is to fail to understand the fundamental equality of persons and events, and the interpenetration of all beings. The father entering the mother sexually, and the child entering the world; the child drawing milk from the mother, and the mother drawing pleasure in "bolts of light" from the act of nursing—are all the same event, and the same pleasure, a pleasure inherent in the reshaping of substance by which the universe exists. The continuity between the mother's love for men and her love for her sons, between their love for her and their later love for other women, is a further instance of this reshaping, not a threat to it. *This is our body*, the poet reiterates, stressing that we cannot avoid the common ownership; and the last time the refrain is repeated in the poem, "our body" has come to include "the Great Earth," itself a mother whom we must both separate ourselves from, and love. Snyder's sexual prophecy thus includes his ecology—appropriately, since Snyder elsewhere argues that the need to control wild nature can be an externalization of sexual repression. And both the psychology and the ecology rest on Snyder's Buddhism—on his sense of the simultaneous complete reality and unreality of the world of multiplicity. (In the poem preceding "The Bath" in *Turtle Island*, Snyder draws a playful genealogy of Matter and the Mind by the repeated incest Milton thought worthy only of Satan, Sin and Death.)

I should close with my very few reservations about Snyder as a poet. He is a good satirist, but only when—whether through a creative playfulness, or a teasing affection for his target—he can feel that his task is basically positive. Bitterness in him tends to lead to a surprisingly weak, unimaginative editorializing:

Death himself
(Liquid Metal Fast Breeder Reactor)
stands grinning, beckoning.
Plutonium tooth-glow.

This is not likely either to convince the unbeliever, or to make the believer feel he gains a new understanding of what he opposes. It is unfortunate, though understandable, that Snyder writes more often in this mode as his view of the United States grows bleaker.

My second reservation, if it is one, is this: when one compares Snyder with poets like Yeats, Eliot or Lowell—a comparison which the seriousness of his vision deserves—one feels that his individual works are a smaller portion of his Work than theirs are; very even in quality, but with fewer self-surpassing quantum leaps in the presence of extraordinary themes. Perhaps Snyder has, in a way, chosen this, as part of a desire to return poetry from literature to the voice and the immediate communal context—a desire he shared with many 1960s radicals. I feel that such a view becomes false if it makes ambition suspect; if it obscures the fact that the fullness of one's own powers is usually accessible only through search and courtship, in poetry as in mysticism. But I am uncertain that this applies fairly to Snyder: small poems, after all, are often more perfect than large ones, and his are no exception; and the publication of his projected long work, *Mountains and Rivers Without End*, may render my argument quite irrelevant. In any case Snyder seems to me one of the two or three best craftsmen among poets under 50, and the most impressive moral thinker.

Alan Williamson

Alan Williamson is author of *Pity the Monsters: The Political Vision of Robert Lowell* (Yale University Press).

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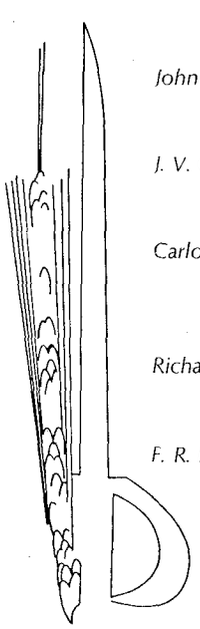

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Books Considered

All the Strange Hours by Loren Eiseley

(Scribners; $9.95)

Autobiography, as its most distinguished practitioners have amply demonstrated, need not be the trivial mishmash of petty gossip, ephemeral politics and ego-caressing that it is often taken to be. Indeed I think it would not be too much to say that the greatness of some of the greatest writers lies in the fact that they never wrote anything *but* autobiography. "And then, finding myself entirely destitute and void of any other matter, I presented myself to myself for argument and subject. It is the only book in the world of its kind, a book with a wild and eccentric plan." So Montaigne, describing the "fantastic" and "bizarre" scheme of his *Essays*, the unique product of his equally unique personality and art.

It seems to me an inescapable fact of the logic of autobiography (an art now practiced by virtually everyone) that we can value any specific example of it only in so far as, and in the same way as, we value the personality that we discern behind it and that gives it its shape. As the man is, so must his book be. I am quite aware that this view of autobiography disregards all nice distinctions of genre and that it requires of us as readers the fullest moral response and the most delicate moral judgment. So be it: I say that no good autobiography has ever been written by a bad man.

Loren Eiseley's *All the Strange Hours*,

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which is the occasion of these remarks about autobiography, is a very queer affair, but it is no queerer, I should imagine, no more paradoxical and no more fey, than the personality behind it. If we may judge the man by the book—and we are offered a double invitation to do so: first because the volume proclaims itself an autobiography; second because Eiseley has written this same book, under various disguises and titles, more than half a dozen times before—then we must conclude that all his hours have been strange ones indeed, ineffably strange, and that they have led as if inevitably to this strange man and his strange book. "The universe is not only queerer than we suppose, but queerer than we can suppose." In *All the Strange Hours* Eiseley offers his own life in evidence for the truth of this proposition (from J.B.S. Haldane, quoted by Eiseley as epigraph to one of his earlier exercises in oblique autobiography, *The Unexpected Universe*): that *life*, in the individual and in the universe, is not only queerer than we suppose, but queerer than we can suppose.

It would be easy enough to praise *All the Strange Hours* in that language that has apparently been created especially for reviews of autobiographies—"complete frankness," "devastating honesty," "amazing candor," "rare courage," "startling revelations," etc.—but the book demands to be taken more seriously than that. In *All the Strange Hours* Eiseley explores a particular life in search of answers about life itself, yet he admits that he has no hope of finding those answers, at least not from within, because the questions he raises and goes about examining are too vast and too important to bear any answers. In the end, Eiseley is himself the question, and to the question of himself no man can have an answer, or rather he can have no answer that will lie outside the questioning. So we are offered *All the Strange Hours* by way of answer to the great question: "What is he, this man through whom life lives?"

By temperament as by profession Eiseley is an anthropologist and archaeologist, an explorer of the past, a passionate student of time, but also, in certain ways, its prisoner. Eiseley's time is not the layman's time, however, nor is it clock time, but geological time. Fifty thousand, 100,000, two million years—these are the temporal units in which his mind moves most easily. The consequences, when Eiseley comes to write autobiography, are of course manifold. It is his sense of time, perhaps more than

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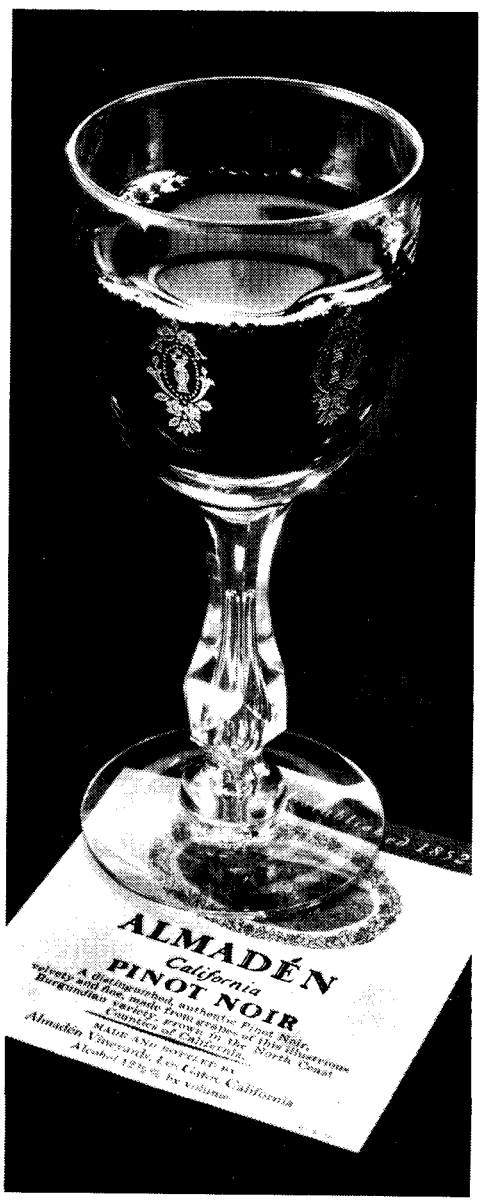

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anything else, that gives Eiseley's writing its peculiar flavor and that makes *All the Strange Hours* such an odd and fascinating document. To conceive of one's life in terms of two million years of evolution is not something that most of us do every day. But Loren Eiseley is not most of us, nor does he live much in the every day, and this is precisely how he thinks of his life. For him, autobiography is closer kin to anthropology than to history and has more of archaelology about it than of psychology. There is an exact analogy, it seems to me, between Eiseley's practice of archaeology/anthropology and his practice of autobiography. According to this analogy, the individual mind, with its accumulated memories of experience past, is the equivalent of the earth's crust with its layer upon layer of the residual evidence of time; and the way in which Eiseley as an autobiographer explores his memories and his own past life is much the same as the way in which, as a paleontologist, he explores the earth's crust and all past life.

Though *All the Strange Hours* is a book about life, it is even more a book about death—death of every sort: the death of individuals, the death of a family, the death of species, the death of mankind. "Each man goes home before he dies. Each man . . . goes shivering up the dark stairs, carrying a taper that sets gigantic shadows reeling in his brain." Eiseley is speaking here of his literal return home at the time of his mother's death, and thinking inevitably of his own death, but the passage suggests something much eerier than that. For this very book, in which he speaks of a death-haunted return to sources, is itself a preparation for death, both a report of death and a rehearsal for it; it is Eiseley's statement that his life is over, that it offers nothing more, certainly nothing new, and that all that remains to him now are fragments of memory retained from the past, shattered pieces of a consciousness once whole and coherent but now thoroughly devastated by the effects of time. The only life left to Eiseley, as his book implies, is just this symbolic reliving, through a joint act of memory and composition, of a life that is now entirely a captive of time past.

The elegiac motif becomes more intense and more poignant as Eiseley discloses that with his death the family line will end, for in the days when he might have propagated he feared that doing so would merely continue a mad strain in his mother's people; so he deliberately chose family extinction rather than hazard a problematic continuation: "my mother and her morbid kin . . . destroyed their own succession in the child who turned away." *All the Strange Hours* is thus a personal obituary and a family one, but an obituary that is performed, paradoxically, as a creative act—a report by Eiseley of his own death and a kind of bitter threnody for himself and his people. Nothing, he says, lies before him, especially not family succession, and so he is forced to the desperate measure of seeking his future in the past.

Eiseley's imagination, here at the end of his life, but also earlier, is committed more entirely to the past than the imagination of any other autobiographer I can think of. When Eiseley writes, "Ironically, I who profess no religion find the whole of my life a religious pilgrimage," he has in mind no pilgrimage in the present or the future but a journey backward into vast stretches of time, into a past of three million years or more where all animal life was one, as yet not divided by species differentiation. Eiseley's pilgrimage is a kind of mystic quest, a radical variation on the Orphic-Christian myth of the fall from grace, composed by a scientist not altogether satisfied with his science. Eiseley, too, like his religious counterpart, seeks to reattain a state of blissful union, but instead of seeking union hereafter he seeks it, as it were, herebefore. He retreats further and further into the past in the apparent hope—is it not, however, a futile hope?—of finding somewhere in the furthest reaches of time, somewhere before the Ice Age, a state that is timeless, a condition before and outside time.

The union for which his spirit most desperately yearns, as Eiseley everywhere emphasizes, is union not with his own humankind but with those forms that have become extinct in the course of time and with those which, likewise in the course of time, have gone in different directions from the direction that eventually produced the human race. Thus he would hope to defeat time. "I did not care for taxonomic definition," Eiseley says at the end of his autobiography; "I did not care to be a man, only a being." And as his death will be final, so his return to sources, his return home, must be all the way: in the end Eiseley lies down with the dog Wolf, with cats and rats and with species long since extinct, merging with them and sinking back into the swamp from which life first came forth millions of years ago to begin its immense journey in time. "I feel my hour coming. I am anxious to press on," are Eiseley's last words, but for him pressing on means dreaming "farther, farther back" to the Ice Age and earlier where the human face disappears—and where there is only life, one, continuous, unconscious, and eternal.

But here, it seems to me, Eiseley comes up against an irresolvable problem created jointly by his special vision and his profession. Anthropology, like every natural science, knows nothing of eternity and wants to know nothing of it. While Eiseley's science confines him to time, however, his spirit yearns for eternity; and while he is compelled to believe in evolution, he wishes devoutly, irrationally, even religiously that it were not so. Time is immensely extended in Eiseley's science—to the layman unimaginably so—but however much one extends time it will never become eternity; however huge the prison-house, it remains a prison-house. "I, by profession, had assumed [time's] entire burden," Eiseley says; and in an earlier volume of autobiographical pieces (*The Night Country*), he writes, "From the standpoint of the hungry spirit, however, humanity has suffered an even greater wound—the ability of the mind to extend itself across a duration greater than the capacity of mortal flesh to endure." The problem, as I say, is irresolvable, yet Eiseley offers a solution—a paradoxical one to be sure—and he calls that solution *All the Strange Hours* (as earlier he called it *The Night Country, The Unexpected Universe, The Firmament of Time, The Immense Journey, Notes of an Alchemist*, etc.). That solution becomes possible, however, only when the time of the anthropologist and the scientist yields to the time of the autobiographer and the artist. In the art of autobiography Eiseley finds his answer and his peace.

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"I have come to believe that in the world there is nothing to explain the world." When Eiseley says this he parts company with his scientific colleagues to consort with the other-wordly and extra-rational mysteries of art and religion. There is nothing in time to explain time, nor, as Eiseley goes on to point, is there anything in life to explain life. After a lifetime of study, "I could not account for myself." These, however, are the uses of autobiography: in a memorial reconstruction to imitate life but not to explain it for it will not be explained; and in the same reconstruction to make preparation for death by a symbolic reenactment of the curve, and so a reenactment of the meaning, of a life. Memory is a faculty that performs both in the world and beyond it, both inside and outside time, a function of present consciousness that ranges over past events and that re-creates and transforms the past in the present in the hope of raising the eternal moment out of the conjunction of the two. In Eiseley as in Plato, memory connects us with eternity. Eiseley gives the entire rationale for his autobiographic art in a poem that he calls "Not Time Calendrical" when he declares that memory, the great and indispensable faculty of the autobiographer,

is another land than time; it is
a series of eternities
so long as mind
holds to its orbit.
I am that I am.

This is the classic tautology forced on every thoughtful writer of autobiography and gladly embraced by him. What can he say—what can the world, what can time, what can life itself say—but, "I am that I am"? It is all a vast telling of a tale in a book that imitates, but does not explain, the personality, the being, the reality of the teller of the tale.

All the Strange Hours is a queer book, as I have said, made queerer, more effective, and more powerful by "a fey sense of time relived" as Eiseley puts it in a poem called "The Cabin." Being so odd, the book cannot be described adequately but only recommended. This much, however, can be said: it is a truly extraordinary book, one of the finest and most deeply moving performances in an art much practiced in our time but almost never with the seriousness, the intensity, or the grace of Eiseley's performance. In *All the Strange Hours* Eiseley has succeeded in memorializing a life in time, and he paradoxically escapes

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thereby—for a moment, forever—from that time that has always so attracted, tormented and obsessed him. His science introduced Eiseley to time and plunged him so far into it that only the art of his autobiography could ever free him.

James Olney

James Olney is author of *Metaphors of Self* and *Tell Me Africa* (Princeton University Press).

Russian Fairy Tales Collected by Aleksandr Afanas'ev

(Pantheon; $12.95)

When *Russian Fairy Tales* appeared just 30 years ago it was enthusiastically reviewed in what now seems to have been a surprisingly broad range of journals, including the *New Yorker* and the *Saturday Review of Literature*, whose critics, for the most part themselves writers, praised it either as fine children's literature or as a collection that provided insight into the "Russian mind and soul."

In the present photographic reprint, the collection retains the merits pointed out by the original reviewers: it is the most complete translated selection from Afanas'ev's classic anthology; it provides an excellent sampling of Russian renditions of familiar and exotic fairy-tale motifs; the translation is quite competent—if uninspired—and the illustrations (unfortunately deprived of some of their delicacy of line in the reprint) are suitably whimsical.

But few readers will read this volume as it was read in 1945, for we have changed, even if it has not. Indeed the perceptions of that time seem as distant from our own world as is the universe of the tales themselves. It is not only that the carefree child of 1945 has grown to middle age in a world whose riddles and demons and *dénouements* assault the imagination no less than these designedly frightful and fantastic tales: our children themselves have changed; our understanding and perception of folklore have changed; our understanding of Russia has changed.

One of the original reviewers worried that the volume might be "too heavy for a young girl"; one might wonder now whether, for the young girl or boy who is familiar with the worlds of Tolkien and C.S. Lewis, it is "heavy" enough. (The meanings of words have changed, along with everything else.)

It is not clear what Eudora Welty and Edmund Wilson thought about folklore in 1945 (is there a kind of folkloric binarism in that choice of reviewers: two E.W.'s—one male, one female, one North, one South, one cooked, one raw?), but certainly most readers as *au courant* now as these two were then will be heavily influenced by one or another filtrates of Freud, Frye or Lévi-Strauss. Seen with such corrected, if not 2/02/ vision, these tales are both more interesting, and somewhat disappointing for the fact that Afanas'ev tended to conflate versions, combine motifs and generally "improve" the tales he collected. Similarly, most such readers, while finding Roman Jakobson's unrevised "Commentary" informative and imaginative, will probably not be as convinced as he was then of the degree of originality of the Russian versions of these tales. (Here, by the way, the jacket blurb errs: as Jakobson makes clear on p. 628, such "uniquely Russian creations" as Baba Yaga are not in fact uniquely Russian.) Many, in particular, will be frustrated that verbal texture of the Russian, of which he rightly makes so much, is regrettably untranslatable.

What *is* conveyed by the translation, when the tales are taken together, is a sense of the real world of the Russian fairy tale, *i.e.*, that specifically North Great Russian small-town peasant/merchant (the two were often indistinguishable) milieu which they portray. Specialists and casual readers alike have insufficiently appreciated the specificity of this locale. For leaving aside the legendary Kiev and the occasional dragon, it is the so-called Old Russian North, with its independent trading peasantry that is captured here, not only in the formulaeic *incipit* "A merchant and his wife...", but in the geography, the flora and the fauna. (The translator was led astray a few times by urban dictionaries with a cosmopolitan outlook: *rak* is here "crayfish," not "lobster," and *kolpitsa* not "spoonbill" as in more southern climes, but "cygnet," thus |p. 431| the 12 cygnets that turn into maidens.)

It is particularly important to locate this Russian middle earth when considering what such tales can tell one about national culture and character. For the dramatis personae, listeners and tellers of these tales were for the most part originally representatives of that independent peasantry of the area between Moscow and Archangelsk who combined hard-scratch family farming with trapping, home industries and trade to share in the brief but important golden age of this region, between roughly 1550 and 1700. The merchant town of this region prospered mightily at this time, primarily as a result of English and Dutch trade with Muscovy and Saffavid Iran, and it was here that the broader great Russian population had one of its first and most significant exposures not only to merchants going to and from the fabulous East and "beyond twenty-seven kingdoms", in the words of the fairy-tale formula, but also with translation, broadsheets and the other forms of transmission of the many "wandering themes" that find reflections in the tales presented here. In their Russian forms, these tales show us *one* of the Russian national characters—that of the unenserfed, canny, energetic hard-bargaining northerner whose regional culture was eventually engulfed by a state based on serfdom, central authority and bureaucratic tutelage. That the popular literature of this region became one basis of the "folk literature" of all great Russians in modern times is an irony whose significance is not yet clear.

Thus while not as exotic or original as claimed (the first tale in this collection, for example, was known in Merrie Olde England as "The Tale of the Basin") nor as charming in form (Victorian translations, like Edith Hodgetts', also recently republished, are often more evocative) these tales do provide an authentic and comprehensive introduction into the world of the Russian fairy tale.

But one cannot expect that readers of this new edition will agree with the view of 1945 that *Russian Fairy Tales* will provide "a truer understanding of the Russian mind and heart" than could be obtained from "many thousands of pages of more solemn interpretative

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writing." No one who has read even a dozen pages of Solzhenitsyn, or Nadezha Mandelstam, or Eugenia Ginzburg could agree for a moment with such a statement.

Edward L. Keenan

Edward L. Keenan is professor of Russian history at Harvard.

Fully Empowered by Pablo Neruda

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $8.95)

Pablo Neruda once confessed that writing clearly had been one of his most difficult poetic achievements. *Fully Empowered*, newly translated by Alastair Reid, is gratifyingly clear, even luminous. It is a full book, rich in experience alternately groping and sweeping, and a joy to read—a book that seems to chart an upward path for itself even when it looks back into the past. It celebrates life insistently from a perspective which radiates self-assurance. Though it touches on emotions as disparate as joy at the progress of a flower and sadness at the ebbing of a human life, the accent here is on reconciliation of opposites—life-death, light-shadow, love-hate, etc.—as integral, complementary parts of existence.

Fully Empowered, which appeared in Spanish in 1962, belongs to the serene, reflective latter period of Neruda's work. In the maturity, capacity for self-criticism, and occasional sense of humor which it reflects, *Fully Empowered* is a logical successor to *Extravagaria* and an augury of the somewhat recapitulative *Memorial de Isla Negra*. As in *Extravagaria*, the Neruda of *Fully Empowered* is one keenly aware of the passage of time and of the paradoxes inherent in life. In *Fully Empowered* he explores these paradoxes and brings them to a happy symbiotic synthesis. As he does so, he reflects on the poet's role, and traces a relationship between the reconciliation of paradox and the art of poetry even as he demonstrates it.

The book begins and closes with poems that deal with the poet's responsibility and function: "The Poet's Obligation" and "Fully Empowered." Neruda sees the poet's obligation as that of opening doors to experience and the poet as the vehicle through which the totality of what comprises life gains expression. The onus is on the poet but the reward for all is the liberation of unexpressed meaning. In the final poem the poet comes to terms with his own mortality by seeing it as essential to the greater goal that whatever he has been able to grasp of permanence be perpetuated through his words.

In between these two poems, Neruda gives us an impressive sampling of emotions and experiences, ranging from the "occasional" poem to the universal. The tone, too, varies widely. The irony and bitter satire of "To the Dead Poor Man" contrast sharply with the seriousness of "The People," while the ideological implications of both remain the same and remind us of Neruda's commitment to a poetry that advocates social change. There is tenderness and devotion in "To Wash a Child," nostalgia in "The Wanderer Returned," unabashed self-indulgence in "To Sadness," self-recrimination in "Summary," and grief in "C.O.S.C." Yet optimism predomi-

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nates. In "Alstromeria" and "Thistle" we share the poet's sense of wonder at the triumphant perseverance of nature against adversity, and in "The Word" we rejoice with him at the genesis and the power of language. "Spring" is a simple and eloquent tribute to the renewal of life. Throughout, the poet stresses continuity, whether it be in the life process itself or in the art of poetry, as in "For Everyone." Everything, including ephemerality, has a reason for being in the context of *Fully Empowered*. The mortal stab of the sun in "The Tower," for example, only enhances the beauty of the dew. And from the height of his tower, the poet conscious of the "sword" of time, counters finality with expression.

Alastair Reid applies a fine sensibility to the well-known difficult task of translating Neruda's verse. Reid's translation generally preserves the meaning and fluidity of the poems. It is a careful translation, attentive to poetic effects. Inevitably, however, much of the assonance and sonority of the original Spanish is lost. In "Bird" for example, the suggestion of quick, bouncy, bird-like movement transmitted by the "p" sounds at the end of the poem, so crucial to the total effect, must be sacrificed.

No tenía más alfabeto
que el viaje de las golondrinas,
el agua pura y pequeñita
del pequeño pájaro ardiendo
que baila saliendo del polen.

becomes, in the English version, the more bland

I had no more alphabet
than the swallows in their courses,
the tiny shining water
of the small bird on fire
which dances out of the pollen.

Where it is possible, as in the same poem, Reid salvages Neruda's intention by trading, for example, the alliteration of

por donde las aves abrían
el aire compacto y azûl

for

to where birds were breaking open
the dense blue air.

There are many such instances of felicitous renderings in Reid's translation. There is, however, one notable exception, and it is unfortunate that it should occur in "For Everyone," a particularly poignant farewell to his readers from the Chilean poet. The poem is structured around paradox. Neruda, looking ahead to his absence (he is "prepared to die"), assures his readers that he will always remain among them through his art. In the third stanza he elaborates the paradox. Reid's rendering of four crucial verses (lines 14, 15, 20, 21) seriously alters Neruda's meaning. The first of these two verses should stand in apparent contradiction to line 19 ("And you know that I have to leave" and should read, in essence,

It isn't a question of leaving anyone,
much less the others, nor you.

Reid has translated this as:

It is nothing I have to leave to anyone,
not to these others, not to you,

an incorrect translation that deprives the poem of much of its significance since the speaker is, in fact, offering the legacy of his poetry as a consolation and substitute for his physical disappearance.

Even if my words don't know it,
be sure, I'm the one who left.

should also read

Even if my words aren't known,
have no doubt I am who I was,

a translation not only true to the literal meaning of Neruda's poem, but also demanded by the next line, correctly rendered into English by Reid: "There is no silence which doesn't end."

Neruda is still, of course, far from silent. His art is not likely to suffer much from the changes in taste brought by time. *Fully Empowered*, small as it seems in the vast world of his poetry is, like the thistle of the poem, elegantly simple enough to challenge "All the blues of the earth."

Gloria M. Ortiz

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Reconsideration

Delmore Schwartz

"In American lives there are no second acts," F. Scott Fitzgerald said, but he failed to account for the resurrections that occur so often in literary history. For Delmore Schwartz, who was fond of quoting this axiom, the second act he awaited so impatiently during his life has come to him posthumously, in the form of a modest resurgence of interest

Selected Poems; Summer Knowledge (New Directions; $1.75 paper)
The World Is a Wedding (New Directions; $4)
Selected Essays of Delmore Schwartz edited by Donald A. Dike and David H. Zucker (Univ. Chicago Press; $10; $4.95 paper)

in his life and work. First there was William Barrett's remarkable memoir in *Commentary* a year ago, followed by the re-issue in paperback of his *Selected Essays*, and now we have Saul Bellow's portrait of him in *Humboldt's Gift*.

Since personality is more accessible and interesting to our age than poetry, it is perhaps inevitable that the legend of Delmore's life should have taken precedence over any genuine evaluations of his work. Bellow's novel, however vivid a portrayal it offers of Delmore's sudden rise to fame and, many years later, his sordid death in a mid-town Manhattan hotel, only enhances the image of Delmore as "a hero of wretchedness," the *poète maudit*. This too-familiar American type, the self-destructive poet ruined by a nation's harsh indifference, corresponds to Delmore only in his later life, for his brief eminence was based on literary achievement alone; before anyone really knew who he was, Allen Tate was calling his poetry "the first genuine innovation we've had since Eliot and Pound." Eliot and Pound, in fact, endorsed his first book, *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities*, as did Wallace Stevens, John Crowe Ransom and William Carlos Williams. This was in 1938, before his contemporaries John Berryman, Randall Jarrell and Robert Lowell, had published a line. It was Delmore (no one ever called him by his last name) who would advance the work of Modernism, in poetry, fiction and literary criticism, all of which he had published by the time he

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was 24.

What was it about these precocious works that prompted such generous praise? To begin with, there was the title story, "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," that had brought Delmore to everyone's attention when it appeared as the lead piece in the first issue of the newly reconstituted *Partisan Review* in the fall of 1937, taking precedence over contributors like Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, Stevens and James Agee. This masterpiece, which I first encountered in a high school anthology, had been written when Delmore was only 21; in a few pages, he managed to depict his parents' characters by means of a realistic fantasy in which he observes on a movie screen an afternoon in their disastrous courtship, a courtship destined to begin in hope and culminate in the misery of his own childhood. "Don't

Delmore Schwartz by Nela Walcott, permission of Mrs. Rose Dickson.

do it!" he finally cries out in the darkened theater. "Nothing good will come of it, only remorse, hatred, scandal and two children whose characters are monstrous." "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities" is a flawless work of fiction about the terrors latent in nostalgia, composed in simple, limpid phrases that nevertheless achieve a great lyrical effect.

The poetry in this famous volume was just as inventive and uncanny as the prose, especially those poems that one still sees reprinted in anthologies, "The Heavy Bear Who Goes With Me" and "In the Naked Bed, In Plato's Cave." In this respect, criticism has been fair to Delmore, since these remain the most accomplished, impressively rhetorical poems in *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities;* but when he wrote them, they were conceived and published as part of a unified work. Ambition had prompted him to compose the sort of extended dramatic monologues he admired in Eliot (about whom he wrote a book that was never published), and he was determined to make his reputation on these unwieldy verse plays rather than on the lyrics he had learned to perfect. His intention was to reproduce, as he said in another connection, "the miraculous character of daily life and ordinary speech" in order to recover "the width of reference of prose without losing what the Symbolists discovered."

Two of these plays, *Dr. Bergen's Belief* and *Coriolanus and His Mother,* were published in *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities,* while two others, *Paris and Helen* and *Choosing Company,* appeared in respectively, the New Directions Annual for 1937 and the *New Caravan,* edited by Paul Rosenfeld and Alfred Kreymborg in 1936. They are seldom read or noticed now, but their comic eloquence alternating with vivid expository prose reveals Delmore at his best, dramatizing the commonplace by means of conventions like blank verse or classical myth. The conclusion of *Paris and Helen* is typical:

Is it not right
And just that strong divinity
Should intervene so much in human life
And help poor Paris, help the human heart,
Otherwise so ignoble, mean, and starved?
—He has a shallow view of God's strange ways
In Heaven and Earth, who thinks the just alone
Deserve His charity. He has a weak
Untrue idea of human life who says,
'What does this mean?' 'Does this apply to us?'
Hypocrite audience! I am not fooled, not I!
All of these things live in your consciousness,
And there the classic story will not die!

And in *Coriolanus and His Mother,* borrowing phrases from both Shakespeare and Plutarch, he fashioned a modern likeness designed to restore their interpretations while supplementing them with such "modern" witnesses as Marx and Freud. The result was a marvelous idiom that showed Delmore's most conspicuous gifts, a sort of vaudevillian humor mingled with a capacity for philosophical abstraction. (He was trained in philosophy, having studied under Sidney Hook at NYU and Whitehead, among others, at Harvard.)

His two most successful longer works, *Shenandoah* and *Genesis,* derived from this balance of precocious wisdom and American speech; and they were also his most autobiographical works, so that one can read in them a representative history of the Jewish intellectuals who grew up in the 1930s and dominated New York literary life a decade later. *Shenandoah,* a verse play, told the story of Shenandoah Fish, a newborn American child whose name becomes the cause of a bitter family dispute. Delmore's peculiar name was an obsession of his; in it he discerned a pitiful attempt on the part of his parents to transform themselves into "Gentiles" through their infant son.

As the drama of the child's naming unfolds, an older Shenandoah, now an intellectual in his 20s, loiters in the wings, commenting on the action in Delmore's most characteristic voice. Marx and Freud, the intellectual heroes of the period, were Delmore's "deities," oracles through whom the truth about any individual in history could be divined; and with ironic grandiloquence he enlisted their testimony in his endless discourses on the general and the particular:

—It is impossible to tell you now
How many world-wide causes work this room
To bring about the person of your name:
Europe! America! the fear of death!
Belief and half-belief in Zion's word!
The order of a community in which
The lower middle class looks up and gapes
And strives to imitate the sick elite
In thought, in emptiness, in luxury . . .

This is Delmore's great theme, one he was determined to resolve through stubborn interpretation; in *Genesis,* his most elaborate work, both the limitations and advantages of his persistence can be seen all too plainly.

Genesis was the poem on which he pinned all his hopes for more than a decade. When completed, it was supposed to take its place beside *Paterson* and *The Cantos* as a major American poem. For years he shaped and revised it, meanwhile stressing in correspondence the majestic universality of his theme. *Genesis* was to relate the New York childhood of Hershey Green, the verbal, ambitious, talented son of Jewish immigrants, and the manner in which "Capitalismus," family crises and the psychic wounds sustained in youth converge to

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form a poet's sensibility. In passages of alternating blank verse and Biblical prose modelled on Hardy's play *The Dynasts*, and in a flat, unadorned diction reminiscent of Wordsworth's *Prelude*, the story of this "Rousseau of Washington Heights" would unfold over several volumes. It was a grandly conceived work, replete with ghosts delivering sonorous commentaries in the background; only it suffered from Delmore's virtually clinical obsession with "causes," to the point where the most insignificant event in his protagonist's life requried pages of interpretation. "Freud was a disaster for Delmore," William Barret noted in his memoir, and so was Delmore's involvement with his own past. By the end of Volume I, Hershey Green is only seven years old.

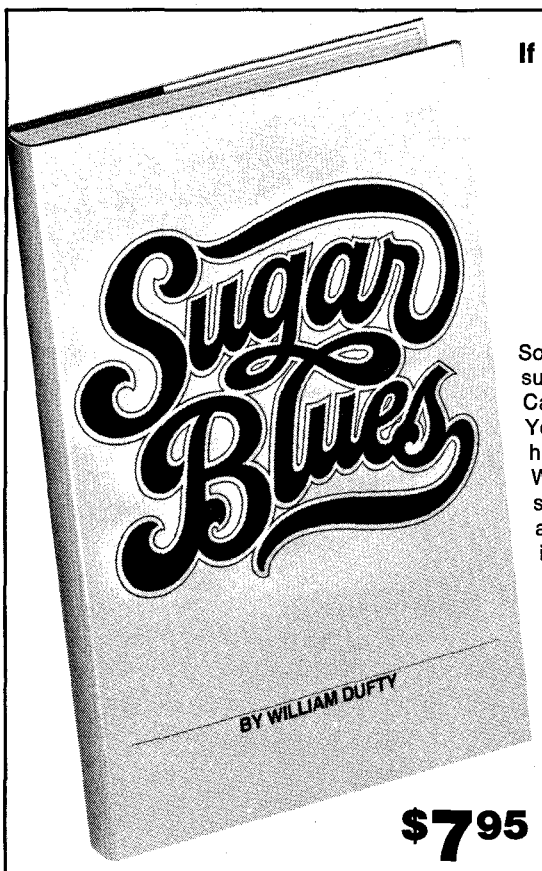
When the first book appeared in 1943, it was politely but not enthusiastically received. Only R.P. Blackmur and F.O. Matthiessen were at all effusive; other critics pointed out the work's repetitiveness and ponderous rhetoric. In Matthiessen's opinion, Delmore had lived up to this promise with *Genesis*. In Delmore's own opinion, the poem was a failure, and he soon abandoned it. "Hershey Green, c'est moi," he wrote in a journal, echoing Flaubert; it was as if his own life were being criticized, and he felt too vulernable to persist in a work so manifestly autobiographical.

He was to produce one other substantial book, the stories collected in *The World is a Wedding*. Written in a narrative voice that combined laconic understatement with a gifted ear for the idioms of his parents' generation, these stories were awarded considerable critical acclaim. They constituted, in the words of one reviewer, "the definitive portrait of the Jewish middle class in New York during the Depression," and even though later detractors like Philip Rahv complained about his "disconsolate submission to pessimism," Delmore captured an authentic mood of that era. Two other stories that appeared in early numbers of the New Directions Annual were inexplicably omitted from this collection, and another that was never published at all has lately turned up among his papers. Together they display a capacity for fiction surprising in a writer who was so devoted to poetry; perhaps their accomplishment lies in the very casualness and ease with which he set about their composition.

Delmore's later years were consumed by mental illness, a terrible paranoia that wrecked his career; and it has now become a commonplace among literary critics and friends of Delmore to lament his failed promise. But his work is far more comprehensive than Rahv and others have acknowledged; his verse plays, criticism, stories, the poems collected in *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities*, and even *Genesis*, at least in its conception, possess an originality that hasn't been properly appreciated. Reading through the whole of his work, one comes to see how eloquent a poet he really was. His early poems are imbued with a vigorous passion that echoes the Auden of those years, but without Auden's cynicism. Delmore was solemn about his vocation, and considered it the poet's obligation to declaim his ideas in a resonant Orphic voice. "Tired and Unhappy, You Think of Houses," a poem less well known than some others, displays to brilliant effect the strange metaphorical intensity he had mastered at an age when most poets are still imitating their elders:

Tired and unhappy, you think of houses
Soft-carpeted and warm in the December evening,
While snow's white pieces fall past the window,
And the orange firelight leaps.
a young girl sings
That song of Gluck where Orpheus pleads with death;
Her elders watch, nodding their happiness
To see time fresh again in her self-conscious eyes:
The servants bring the coffee, the children retire,
Elder and younger yawn and go to bed,
The coals fade and glow, rose and ashen,
It is time to shake yourself! and break this
Banal dream, and turn your head
Where the underground is charged, where the weight
Of the lean buildings is seen,
Where close in the subway rush, anonymous
In the audience, well-dressed or mean,
So many surround you, ringing your fate,
Caught in an anger exact as a machine!

Having invented a diction that reproduced American speech while heightening its effects through the use of a standard blank verse line, he went on to devise a new mode of ironic detachment and pathos in his fiction. Even his criticism, especially the long essays on Dos Passos, Faulkner and Eliot, revealed



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a wry personal voice that made his lucid social and literary commentaries distinctive. More vividly than any writer of that period, Delmore captured its temper and intellectual style. Above all, though, he was the great chronicler of the Jewish immigration, its aspirations and anxieties; by concentrating his genius on that experience, Delmore gave life to one of the most significant dramas in American history.

James Atlas

James Atlas is currently writing a biography of Delmore Schwartz.

The Back of the Book

Recommended Ghost Stories

By now they have picked out their costumes, though it took a while to settle the basic dispute.Both Carl, nine, and Amy, six (as they are known on credit card applications) wanted to go as Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, but both also wanted to go as Holmes, assigning Watson to the other. Carl took it for granted that being male and big gave him first claim to Holmes, but Amy, who takes nothing for granted, quietly pointed out that Watson was the older of the two, just like Carl. Both finally agreed to go as Holmes, another triumph for the imagination.

Halloween has never been what we'd call one of our big holidays. High school dances are named for it. Novelty stores push toilet jokes to the back of the display windows and for one week deal wholesomely in demon masks. The time is mainly for clusters of midget ghosts scuttling through the streets with bags of indelible chocolate, occasionally chaperoned by a parent who, skulking in the shadows, looks far more menacing than little Frankenstein from next door. Then suddenly the night is past, like the Druidic spirits in it history.

Druids believed that the night of October 31st was the most likely time of year for ghosts and spirits to be abroad, so they lit bonfires to keep the ghost in sight and from the door. They also believed that on this night Saman, lord of death, convened the souls of the wicked that for the past 12 months had been assigned to the bodies of animals. Superstitions now survive as children's games; ghost stories do the work of bonfires; and the closest we come to a convention of souls are masquerade parties.

I looked in on Ronna's Costume Rental, where masquerade parties begin, to see what was up this year. Gorillas, said the genial proprietors, gorillas are up every year. Famous figures are also up: in order of popularity, Castro, Nixon, Kissinger and Ford. I learned that Laurel and Hardy are perennial favorites, and that figures-from-American-history masks are gaining fast. I hope they make a Millard Fillmore.

The most interesting mask to me, also a best seller, was the old man mask. Held limp in my hands it merely looked like a wrinkled face, and not an unkind one; but when I slipped the mask over my head, the face instantly became hideous—its agedness made it hideous. Very popular with young men, I was told. The sudden aging, I suppose, or a shock of the future.

But this is a column about ghost stories, which, like the old man mask, usually start out innocent and end in dread. Let me recommend a few to read when the detectives are asleep:

"The Daemon Lover" by Shirley Jackson, just as scary in its way as "The Lottery," and a real ghost story. A woman goes frantic searching for her elusive bridegroom-to-be, whom no one else seems to know.

"The Damned Thing" by Ambrose Bierce, in which a body of a woodsman is ripped to shreds. The monster did it, but which monster?

"A Place of One's Own" by Osbert Sitwell. Mr. and Mrs. Smedhurst, shy and retired, buy an elegant house in an English country town. The house is haunted by a playful maniac who kills.

"The Haunted and the Haunters" by Edward Bulwer-Lytton: "It was a Darkness shaping itself forth from the air in very indefinite outline. I cannot say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than to anything else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touching the ceiling. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me."

"The Yellow Wall-Paper" by Charlotte Curtis Stetson Gilman. A ghost in the wall or the mind.

"August Heat" by W. F. Harvey (his "Beast with Five Fingers" also recommended). Two strangers in touch with each other's fate.

"The Monkey's Paw," W.W. Jacobs' classic in which three deadly wishes are used to nullify each other in reverse order.

These stories all deal with apparitions, which probably is the element that scares us most. Literally an apparition is merely an appearance, but when that appearance is unannounced and unexplained the disruption of privacy is dreadful. We can bring disruption on ourselves, often the worst kind. Sir Walter Scott formed an image of the dead Byron out of cloaks hanging in the hall; he thought he saw a ghost. Ebenezer Scrooge, more of a realist than Scott, attributed his vision of Marley to indigestion.

What scares *you* these days? Busing, bosses, power shortages, Jews in the media, blues in the night? How about the Yellow Peril and the Red Menace, or the CIA and the PLA, or Patty and Squeaky, or shortness of breath? Should we summon our monsters together on a single night in an attempt to shore up our courage? Or are some monsters too small for summoning—especially those little devils you can't name who clench your fist involuntarily and cause you to blow your top without warning. Or the monsters of historical miscalculation—would you dare to convene those fellows if you could?

I have a ghost story for you. It's about a ghost who shut himself away in a great house near the sea for well over 12 months, because he had been exorcised by the people. He was struck ill, this ghost, and doctors didn't give him a ghost of a change; but he had a loyal

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family who would not give up the ghost, and he survived. Of this family the most fiercely loyal was the younger daughter. The people listened to the daughter readily, and never lit bonfires when she was near, and the daughter brought the people news of the father's health.

Little by little the ghost got back his color, what there was of it. *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines did spreads on him, showing him fit as a fiddle as he did his ghost stepping and ghost writing. Not long afterward some of the people convened to nominate a future leader. The ghost's daughter showed up, and some of the conventioners were nervous that her father would show up too. But they grew displeased with the atmosphere of the convention—it needed some spirit—and many of them expressed the wish (albeit timidly) that the old ghost would indeed show up, for old time's sake.

Well, you know, he did it. This tired old ghost, "sick with desire and fastened to a dying animal," bestirred himself from his great house by the sea, and for old time's sake showed up at the convention which, for old time's sake, played "Hail to the Ghost" and wept 86 gallons of tears (a record) for one hour and 45 minutes (another). His nomination was unanimous because he had been sick and lonely, and because he had experience. Boo.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Diatribes

To the editors:

I'm saddened to see David Sanford, the managing editor of a historically progressive journal dedicated to careful reporting, publish such a pastiche of gossip, innuendo and error about Ralph Nader (*TNR*, Aug. 30). This is another chapter in his continuing anti-Nader series which again tells us far more about his personal animus and journalistic techniques than about his intended subject.

To take only a few examples: First there is pure error: Nader never told Andrew Kopkind to "shut up" about a story that the former had failed to buckle up in a three block car ride, as Kopkind himself recently confirmed to this writer. (Trivial? Of course . . . though Sanford did choose this "fact" to begin his piece.) He also makes much of supposedly contradictory references by Nader spokesmen about Public Citizen contributors in one year, failing to indicate that there were different references because *two different years* were involved. Second there is innuendo of the when-did-you-stop-beating-your-wife genre. Sanford's insistence that Nader produce his personal tax records to prove he is not profiteering from his work (by disbursing 95 percent of his earnings to public interest activities?) is as reckless as if I demanded to see Sanford's and *TNR's* financial data to prove their anti-Nader articles are *not* being subsidized by GM.

Third there is false analogy: "Ralph Nader himself is the willing beneficiary of corporate welfare." Why? Because Public Citizen, from which he takes neither salary nor expenses, sought tax exempt status! As if a voluntary, nonprofit "public welfare organization," defined by the tax code and adhering fully to its legal requirements, is somehow akin to wealthy oilmen getting richer off corporate tax shelters. Then there is Sanford's assertion that "Nader's similarities to Nixon are more striking and numerous than the differences." Uh huh. Not since the philosopher wrote "This sentence is false" has there been such a self-impeaching assertion.

Finally he remonstrates against what he calls Nader's secrecy. Or what activists would call a right to strategy. Or what civil libertarians would call a right to privacy for all nongovernmental citizens. (Thus Gerald Ford and Marvin Mandel ought to make their personal income tax returns public, but Henry Ford and Kay Graham need not.) Already Nader is one of the most interviewed, investigated and written about figures in the country. (There are five biographies of him to date, not including Sanford's projected *Me and Ralph*; and since he and Nader have spoken perhaps two hours in the past nine years, mostly about Sanford's editorial abuses, this title seems somewhat presumptuous.) The Sanfords and Toledanos may wish to pry further, but no law or ethic requires Nader to grant them entre.

True, the first amendment may permit people to write that Earl Warren was a Communist, but, like Sanford's sallies, such drivel has little more to commend it. Nader is a fair subject for serious analysis and criticism, but Sanford fails to provide it. At this point, either he can return to useful consumer reporting or he may provoke the following understandable reactions: a) *The New Republic* can editorially decide not to waste their readers' time with such storytelling; b) anticipating a predictably *ad hominem*, if not accusatory rejoinder below readers themselves can treat subsequent Sanford comments on this subject with a disbelief his earlier diatribe has earned him; or c) *TNR* can give Ralph Nader several of its pages to analyze in greater detail a case study in journalistic irresponsibility.

Mark Green
Director, Ralph Nader's
Corporate Accountability
Research Group

In reply:

It interests me that Mark Green suppressed his distress for five weeks after my review appeared, during which time we had several conversations and one meeting about an article Green was offering to *The New Republic*, and which appeared in the issue of September 20. The sale made, Green submitted his letter and now highmindedly refuses to speak with me about it.

Andy Kopkind remembers very well driving Ralph Nader from *TNR* to the Washington Hilton and being amused that Nader didn't use a seat belt. I remember, because I witnessed it, how upset Nader was that Kopkind made the story part of his comic monologue. Kopkind doesn't recall ever being told by Nader to "shut up." Since we're picking nits, the ride was more than three blocks.

My point about contributions to Public Citizen is that Nader refused—until a reporter threatened to compare him to Nixon's fundraisers—to identify by name any donor to Public Citizen. *The New Republic* has made two written and two oral requests to Public Citizen for an audit of Nader organizations that Ralph promised to publish in 1973. If any such accounting exists, Nader refuses to produce it. If one grants entre only to requests from friends, then what right does Nader have to expect any sort of cooperation from those he investigates—congressmen, Westinghouse, General Motors? Isn't it odd that the champion of freedom of information draws a curtain around his own official acts? Public Citizen is a tax exempt organization relying on contributions and it ought to be accountable to the public. Yes, I've seen its annual reports

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and tax returns. But who are its largest donors and where is the promised audit of the Nader network?

The only substantive reply *TNR* got to its request to Public Citizen was a letter to the editor from one K. Nenstiel, an Annandale Virginia housewife, relating the difficulty she had had in getting three persons at *TNR* to show her the magazine's subscription list, statement of ownership and such. Nenstiel, who is not a subscriber and who claimed merely to be "curious," is the nextdoor neighbor of Charlene Divoky, who runs Public Citizen and who resents our inquiries.

If Nader is unnecessarily secretive about the financing of his deductible and tax exempt good works, then what basis is there for one to believe him when he tells friendly writers that he appropriates only $5000 a year from his substantial private income to his own use and turns the rest over to his octopus? What basis is there to believe that Nader truly lives in the legendary $85-a-month room for which he pays rent, when I have testimony from neighbors that he hangs his hat in a house on Bancroft Place, NW in Washington that his brother (according to the deed) paid $80,000 for in 1971? If Nader makes statements he won't document then I don't believe them. I did not, by the way, "insist" on seeing his personal tax returns.

What makes a legal tax loophole (like deferring income) exploited by Nader morally superior to a legal tax deduction taken by an oil company? Only arrogance supports the claim. Nader thinks he breathes the public interest and that all sorts of questionable means justify his social ends.

I doubt that anyone but Nader and those with an umbilical attachment to him read my book review as a "diatribe." I'm more amused by Ralph than angry at him. Mark Green is doing a little projecting. Do Mark Green's sophistical devices, one called guilt by association ("the Sanfords and Toledanos"), reflect well on him and his credibility? Nader and some of his people, in this case Green, have habitually tried to discredit critics by finding "errors" in their work. My book has not yet been published and Nader already has asked one of my sources, Lowell Dodge, to go over the book when it comes out for mistakes. That's an effective tactic, but the purpose of it is to create a smokescreen through which no one will be able to see the real Ralph Nader.

David Sanford

The Classifieds

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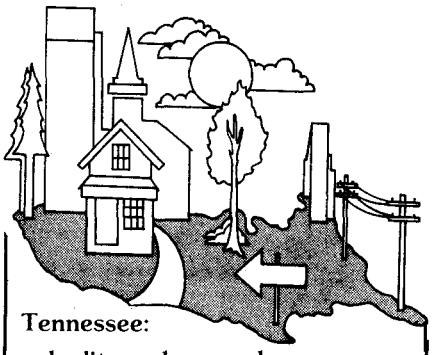

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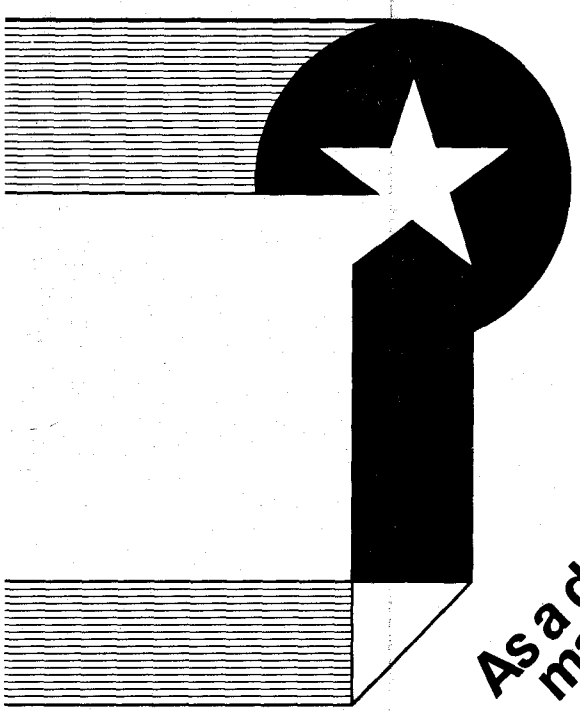

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